

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

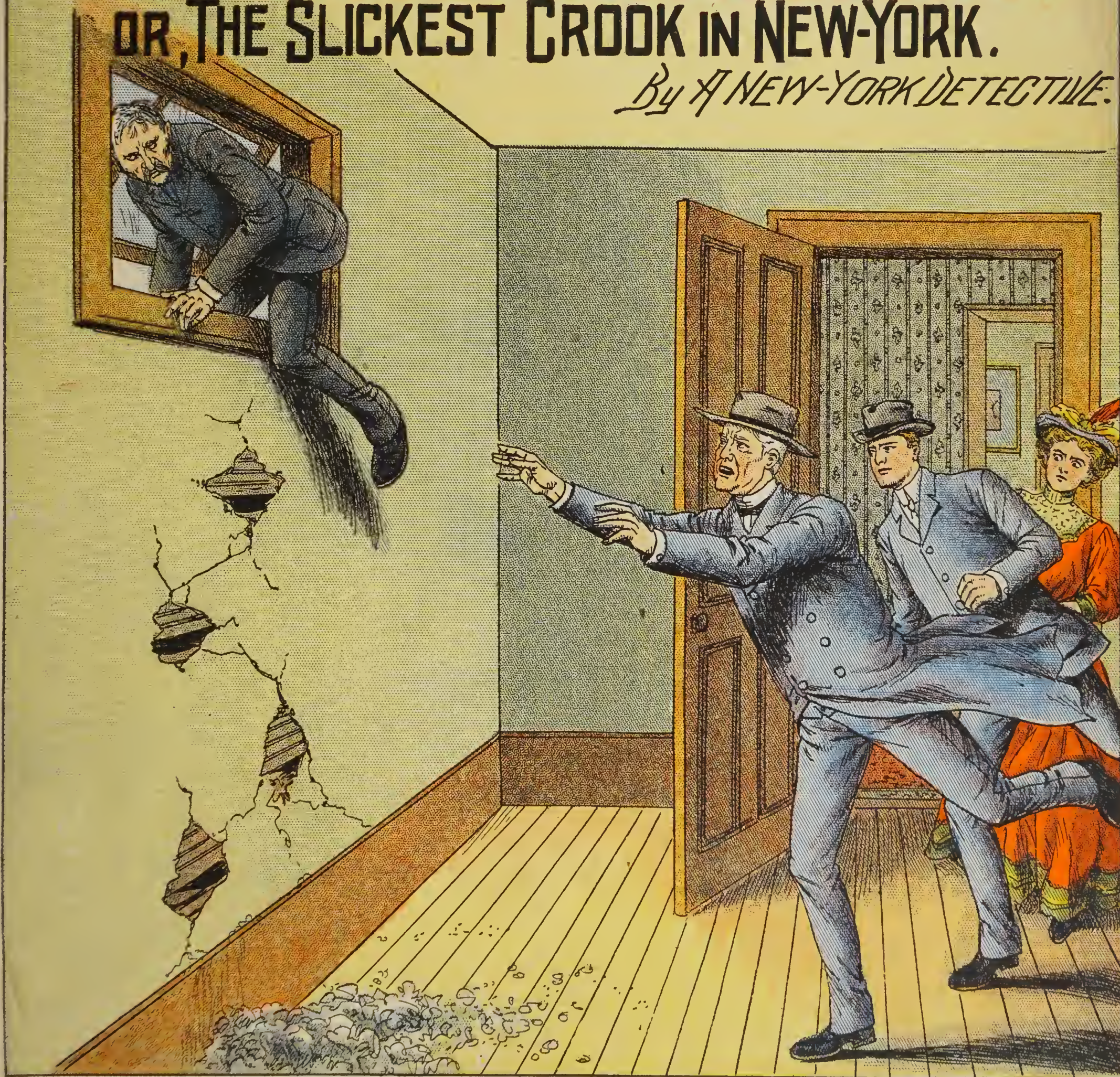
No. 447.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND "OLD FOXY"; OR, THE SLICKEST CROOK IN NEW-YORK.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



The Bradys, called by Alice, came running in. It looked like a case of being just in time to be too late. In some way the old crook managed to free himself and had climbed upon the window-sill.

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, March 1, 1899. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1906, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey. Publisher. 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 447.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERY AND A SURPRISE.

"And now, Alice, for the man with the square amethyst ring."

The speaker was Young King Brady, pupil and partner of the world-famous Old King Brady, the detective.

He was seated in the parquette of the Knickerbocker Theatre one evening in early September, and by his side was Miss Alice Montgomery, the accomplished female partner of the Brady Detective Bureau.

Unnecessary to say that it was she whom he addressed.

"But whoever heard of a square amethyst ring?" queried Alice.

"There are rings and rings. I know a man who has a collection of a hundred and fifty different kinds of rings."

"But a square cut amethyst, Harry. The thing is unheard of."

"I only go by orders. Our Boston despatch from Old King Brady reads: 'Look out for man in audience, Knickerbocker Theatre, this evening, who will display prominently to your notice a square amethyst ring. Subject to every caution do what he says.'"

"But first the square ring. I see no such object anywhere about us," remarked Alice.

"It is to be displayed prominently, mind. Even if I was to see half a dozen amethyst rings and every one of them square, I should not feel justified in speaking to him unless the ring was prominently displayed."

The play—it was but a stupid thing—proceeded and still nothing was seen of the man with the square amethyst ring.

But Young King Brady was not disturbing himself about it.

With Alice by his side, Harry was satisfied to let things remain as they were, for Young King Brady is devotedly attached to his fair partner, and it is not often that business will permit them to spend an evening together.

And even now it was business rather than pleasure.

Still there was no rush about it.

All they had to do was to patiently await the appearance of the man with the square amethyst ring.

"What sort of a case do you suppose Mr. Brady has managed to pick up in Boston?" demanded Alice.

"I'll be blest if I know, but I suppose it must be Secret Service business," replied Harry. "When you and I returned from Chicago, ten days ago, we found him missing, you will recollect, and missing he has been ever since."

"He is certainly a queer man."

"He is a man who likes to have his own way and usually gets it."

"That's what he does; but look, Harry. Isn't that old fellow over there making some rather peculiar gestures?"

This conversation, be it understood, had been conducted in the lowest of whispers.

Not only could it not have disturbed any one around, but it is doubtful if Harry's next neighbor could have caught a word even if he had laid himself out to listen.

It was partially carried on, moreover, by means of secret signs, of which the Bradys have a regular code.

The man in question sat considerably to the left of Alice, a little in front.

He was a tall, elderly person, with a decided curvature of the spine, in short, a tall hunchback, something very unusual, by the way.

His hair was quite white and hung down long over his shoulders.

Altogether, he was a very striking-looking person, a man, in short, who would have attracted attention anywhere.

"He certainly wears a peculiar ring," said Young King Brady, and equally certain is it that he is trying to attract our attention. Let us get my glass upon him."

He put the glass to his eyes, focussed the man and instantly lowered it again.

"Is he the man?" demanded Alice.

"I should say he was the man! Try it for yourself."

Alice worked the opera glass.

"The stone in the ring is square, or nearly so," she announced.

"He will bear watching," replied Harry. "I'll keep my eye on him. Alice, you watch the play."

"Oh, never mind the play. It is nothing but a lot of love-making. The stupidest thing ever."

"Love-making, or the play?"

"Both, sir. Let me tell you——"

"Hush! The man is going out."

"Then we must follow."

They arose and started to force their way to the aisle, for they were in the middle of the row.

People glared at them and passed remarks.

At last, gaining their purpose, they passed out into the lobby of the theatre.

The man was there ahead of them.

He was fashionably dressed in a style in every way suited to his peculiar appearance and years.

He did not even glance at the detectives, but walked to a window, where there was a broad sill.

Here, taking out a memorandum book he scribbled something in it, tore out the leaf and laid it upon the window-sill.

Having done this, he put the book back in his pocket and passed out of the theatre.

Harry immediately went for the paper.

Upon it, done in printed characters, was:

"You are to follow me."

Harry exhibited the paper to his partner and they passed out of the theatre.

They looked about for their man when they gained the sidewalk and soon discovered him standing beside a cab.

He merely glanced at them and then springing into the cab he closed the door.

"Are we to follow him into that cab, I wonder?" queried Harry.

"I hardly think so," replied Alice. "If he wanted us I should suppose he would make some sign."

"Probably he intends that we should follow the cab in another."

"That is more like it. Let me see."

Looking about, Harry spied a waiting cab.

Meanwhile the other cab remained motionless.

Quickly explaining the situation to the driver, giving him to understand that they were detectives, and directing him to keep as close behind the other cab as possible, Young King Brady helped Alice in and following her, closed the door.

The cab immediately started.

Leaning out the window, Harry could see the other cab on the move, ahead of them.

"Quite an adventure," he remarked. "I wonder where it is going to end?"

"Mr. Brady must have had some particular reason for this. It is not often that he directs us to go it blind in such a way."

"Yes, it would seem so."

"You have no idea what sort of a case he is working on?"

"Not the faintest."

"It must be something very secret."

"It is probably one of those cases which simply requires patient watching rather than skill. You know he never talks much about his business, anyway, in these days."

Again Harry looked out of the window.

"We are running west," he said.

And they continued to run west until at last they reached the river front.

Here the cab stopped and the driver got down off the box.

"Your man is standing at the head of that wharf, sir," he said. "Here comes the other cab back, empty. Do I wait?"

"I can't tell," replied Harry, paying him. "Wait a few minutes and judge for yourself. If we should get into a boat, which I fancy we may have to do, then you need wait no longer."

"Very good, sir," replied the driver. "I'll watch out."

Giving his arm to Alice, Harry started for the wharf.

As soon as the man saw them coming he got on the move himself.

Walking rapidly to the end of the wharf they saw him bend down as though speaking to some one in a boat.

Then he turned and climbed down off the wharf, disappearing.

"We go in a boat as I thought," said Harry. "Upon my word, I don't like this any too well."

"But it is Mr. Brady's orders," said Alice.

"Even so, if it was not for the fact that the despatch was in our secret cipher I should hesitate to follow such orders."

"Shall you now?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Just the same, I have a queer feeling about this business. If it was only myself——"

"You would not care, but you are afraid for my sake. Is that it?"

"Frankly, it is, Alice."

"Nonsense, Harry; you are over-careful of me. Next thing we know you will be shutting me up in a glass case for safe keeping."

"In which case I should want to be shut up in the same case," laughed Harry.

"But probably my fears are groundless," he added. "The governor certainly knows what he is about, and the despatch just must have been from him."

They had now almost reached the point on the wharf where the man disappeared.

Harry looked over into the water and spied a boat.

A man sat at the oars and the elderly hunchback was seated astern.

"You are to get into this boat," called the rower. "Mind how you come down the ladder, it is not over-strong."

Harry went down first.

"Come on," he called to Alice. "If the thing will bear my weight it will certainly bear yours."

Alice followed.

They seated themselves in the boat and the rower pulled away.

The hunchback meanwhile maintained perfect silence. Young King Brady's fears increased.

"May I ask where we are going?" he finally said.

No answer.

After a minute the rower said:

"To a gentleman's yacht, which is lying out in the stream here. You need have no fears, sir, you are perfectly safe."

"A person naturally wants to know," said Young King Brady, somewhat sourly.

Try as he would he could not shake off the feeling that all was not right.

Soon he spied the yacht lying out in the stream.

It was but a small affair and of rather an antique pattern.

The boat pulled up alongside of it and the hunchback climbed aboard.

He said something to a man who came forward to meet him and who looked as if he might be the captain.

Then he handed him a letter.

The man tore open the envelope and stepping to a lantern glanced over the enclosure.

By this time Harry and Alice were on the deck.

The man came forward.

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening," replied Harry. "Have you any message for me?"

The hunchback meanwhile had walked forward.

"My orders are to request you to go into the cabin

of this yacht and make yourself comfortable," was the reply.

Harry looked the man over doubtfully.

He was a rough-looking specimen, but still many men in his position are that.

"Are you the captain of this yacht?" Harry asked.

"I am."

"Whose yacht is it? What is her name?"

"I have no orders to answer any questions, sir. If you will do as I direct in a few minutes a gentleman will wait on you who will explain everything, as I understand it."

"Well, we may as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb," said Harry, glancing at Alice. "It is the cabin for ours, I suppose."

The captain led the way and showed them into the cabin.

It was well-lighted with a large hanging lamp, and appeared to be neatly furnished enough.

"You will wait here," said the captain, and he withdrew.

"Mystery!" exclaimed Alice. "Oh, I dearly love it!"

"I don't love this sort of mystery, then," replied Harry. "There seems to me to be something particularly foxy about it."

"But orders are orders!"

"I know, Alice; still there is always the chance that——"

Just then the door opened and the hunchback came in.

Harry looked him over, critically.

The man planted himself at the end of the cabin table and contemplated him, but did not speak.

"Well, sir?" demanded Young King Brady, "what do you wish with me?"

Even as he spoke he felt the motion of the yacht.

She had started.

For better or for worse, they were in for it now.

"Have you ever seen me before, young man?" the hunchback asked.

"No, I do not know that I ever have," Harry replied.

"And you, young woman?"

He spoke in a particularly harsh, disagreeable voice.

"I certainly never saw you before to my recollection," answered Alice.

The hunchback smiled in a peculiar way.

Then, turning, he bolted the cabin door.

Facing around again he said, in an altogether different tone:

"I feel flattered that I have been able to fool you. But really don't you think I am pretty well disguised?"

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Young King Brady. "The governor, after all!"

CHAPTER II.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

It was indeed Old King Brady, and so cleverly had he made himself up that, as has been seen, even his own partners were deceived.

And by this Harry knew that the business his chief had been engaged in must have called for unusual secrecy.

It is not often in these days that Old King Brady considers it necessary to go to so much trouble.

Usually when not in disguise the old detective affects a peculiar costume, the fame of which has become world-wide.

He wears on such occasions a long, blue coat, with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a big, white felt hat, with an unusually broad brim.

Such is the typical Old King Brady, and very different he certainly looked now.

"And what is all this mystery about?" demanded Harry.

"Well, I hardly know myself," was the reply. "The fact is, I have been dealing with Old Foxy, through a go-between."

"So? I thought the old man was dead."

"And so did everybody else, but I am assured that such is not the case."

"Oh, you have not seen him, then?"

"No. I have been nearly two weeks in Boston, expecting to see him. I still expect to have that pleasure to-night."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and that is why I wanted you to be along. It is something to have to say that you have seen and talked with the slickest crook New York ever turned out, and that is what Old Foxy is."

"So I have heard you say. You were the means of sending him up, were you not?"

"Yes; my gentleman got fifteen years in Sing Sing through my kind offices. He came out about five years ago, went West and then came the rumor that he was dead."

"Counterfeiting, was it not?"

"Yes; he is the cleverest engraver in this country, by long odds; or, rather, was. I doubt if he could do much in that line now."

"Too old?"

"Yes."

"But what's the case, governor? Why are we on this yacht?"

"The case is a Secret Service call, which I received while you were away. Some very clever five-dollar counterfeits have appeared. I was summoned to have a look at them. Instantly I recognized the hand of Old Foxy in the game."

"His work?"

"Decidedly. Not a doubt of it, I should say."

"From an old plate?"

"Yes; from plates he made away back in the eighties, which were never discovered. I presume he had them hidden somewhere. My orders were to get those plates and destroy them, and to get Old Foxy if I could, but that was to be made a matter secondary to the destruction of the plates."

"And this yacht business?"

"Came about in this way: Foxy never married——"

"Excuse me for interrupting, governor, but what is the fellow's real name?"

"His name is Thomas Tourbalat. He is a Frenchman, and learned his art in Paris, where trades are really taught

and no half way business such as prevails in this country."

"Go on."

"As I was about to say, Foxy never married, and as I happened to remember he had, in the old days, a particular fancy for a young man—no longer young, of course—named Henry Danforth. This fellow became a burglar, and as I happened to learn that he was doing time at the Concord, Massachusetts, State's Prison, I went to Boston and by the consent of the prison authorities, obtained a number of interviews with him. He has four years more to serve, and the Secret Service people authorized me to offer him a pardon by the President if he would assist me in this work."

"And did he consent?"

"Not at first, but I won him over to the scheme. He admitted that he knew where Old Foxy was, and he finally agreed to write him a decoy letter. I am to meet him in the guise of a purchaser of the queer."

"Oh, I see! Do you know where he is, then?"

"No, I do not, beyond the fact that he has a hold-out somewhere upon Long Island Sound. But the captain of this yacht knows, and he is to bring the old crook on board, when we reach the place."

"So? Excuse me, governor, but did Old Foxy make this arrangement himself?"

"About the yacht?"

"Yes."

"He did."

"Risky."

"There is always a risk attending bargains with crooks, but I feel confident that the old man is playing no double game. I dictated every letter which Danforth wrote him, mailed them myself and read the answers before they were shown to Danforth."

"Still I say risky."

"Pshaw! Harry, I ought to know my business by this time. If there had been any risk attending this affair beyond the ordinary, do you suppose I would have called Alice here, to-night?"

"Bless me! It is always Alice!" exclaimed that young lady. "I flatter myself that I am quite as well able to take care of myself as the rest of you are."

"But what gets away with me is this yacht business," persisted Harry. "Did you know that you were to go aboard a yacht when you left Boston, governor?"

"Certainly I did. Dear me, Harry, how fussy you are to be sure! I have exercised every care. Why, I could not even come near the office for fear some one might be on my trail. I didn't even dare to telephone, but contented myself with that cipher despatch."

"Oh, I dare say it is all right," replied Harry, perceiving that his chief was becoming a bit annoyed by his criticism.

"I am sure of it," persisted Old King Brady, and you will find it so in the end."

"Do you intend to arrest your man?" asked Harry, by a secret sign.

"I have no such intention at present," replied Old King Brady, aloud. "I shall merely pursue this business with my usual caution. My aim is to complete the transaction in New York."

"Oh, I see! I have no more to say about the matter."

How many men do you suppose there are on board this yacht?"

"I am sure I don't know. The two you saw are the only two seen by me. But hush! I hear somebody coming. We will cut this conversation out now."

It proved to be the man who had pulled them off to the yacht.

Harry did not like his looks at all, now that he came to see him in the full light.

He now wore a white jacket, and was bareheaded.

"Would you and your friends like a bite of supper, sir?" he asked, respectfully.

"Why, yes," replied Old King Brady. "We will be pleased to try anything there is going."

"Very good, sir."

"Might I ask you for a name? It is difficult to talk to a man without one."

The fellow smiled.

"Well, as one name is as good as another, suppose you call me John," he replied.

"Very well, John. See what you can do for us, then," said the old detective, slipping the fellow a dollar.

"Thank you, sir. I think I shall be able to fix you off in pretty fair shape."

And John was as good as his word.

In a few minutes' time he had spread the cloth and laid upon the table a loaf of bread, a plate of butter, a pitcher of milk, another of cream, a cold fowl and a large dish of cut-up peaches.

Adding to this a bottle of champagne, iced in a cooler, he started to withdraw.

"Excuse me, John," said the old detective. "I know that this is a case where questions are not allowed, but at about what time shall we reach our destination?"

"What time is it now, sir? I don't happen to have a watch."

"It is a quarter to eleven," replied the old detective, consulting his timepiece.

"Well, I should say that we ought to be there about half-past twelve, barring accidents."

"Thanks. The bargain was that we were to stick to the cabin and not go on deck. You will call us in time, John?"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

Exit John, and Old King Brady proceeded to carve the fowl.

"I hope this stuff is not poisoned," said Harry.

"Ridiculous!" replied Old King Brady. "Why should the man try to poison a person out of whom he expects to make a pot of money? One would think to hear you talk that I had entered the detective business yesterday or at the latest the day before. Eat, drink and be merry. I assure you there is no danger at all."

And certainly the meal seemed to produce no ill effects.

"Upon my word, Old Foxy does it up in style," remarked Harry, after John had looked in and left a box of cigars. "These weeds are excellent."

"Poisoned, probably," chuckled Old King Brady.

"I'll chance it."

"Old Foxy always posed as a gentleman," said the old detective. "At the time I arrested him, fifteen years ago, he figured as a French wine importer on Beaver Street, and when I came to look into his affairs, after we

had him safely behind the bars, I was surprised to find what a business he actually did in that line. It would not surprise me if he was engaged in some such operations now."

"And owned this yacht?"

"Certainly. From what little I have seen of her I don't think the yacht is such an expensive proposition."

They continued to smoke and talk until midnight.

Meanwhile, the yacht had ploughed her way steadily ahead.

Old King Brady figured that they were making about twenty miles an hour.

"We must be well up in the Sound," he remarked.

Another half hour passed, and still John did not put in an appearance.

"Don't you think, Harry, that we are going more slowly than we were?" Alice remarked.

"I do," replied Harry. "We are certainly slowing down."

Old King Brady arose and peered out of the window for perhaps the twentieth time.

But the night was dark and he had not been able to make out where they were.

"It is singular, this slow movement," he said.

"Very," replied Harry. "It acts as though the steam was slowly dying down."

And it died down more and more until at length the yacht came about to a standstill.

"This must be looked into," said the old detective.

He tried the door and made the unpleasant discovery that it was fastened on the outside.

"Come, I don't like this very well," he said. "Have you observed, Harry, how still it has been overhead for some time?"

"Indeed, yes. I haven't heard a sound this long while."

Once more Old King Brady looked out of the window. He drew away, looking very grave.

"I don't wish to alarm you," he said, "but the situation is certainly serious. We are slowly settling down in the water!"

"Ha!" cried Harry, springing up. "Now who was right? This Old Foxy has proved too many for you, governor."

"Wait, Harry. Give me time, please! I'm not dead yet!"

Old King Brady thundered on the door.

There was no response.

He now threw his whole weight against it.

There is a decided knack in forcing a door.

Old King Brady knows it to perfection.

Some doors, of course, could stand against him, but this one could not.

It flew outward, its fastenings torn away.

The Bradys and Alice hurried on deck.

The yacht was at a standstill.

Not a soul was to be seen.

Old King Brady looked over the sail.

"This craft has been scuttled and deserted," he said. "The wretches have gone and they have taken the boats with them. Harry, I was wrong. I own up to it. This is a deliberate attempt on the part of Old Foxy to do us and no mistake!"

CHAPTER III.

OLD KING BRADY GIVES PILLS TO A FIEND.

But the situation of the Bradys was too serious to admit of wasting time in talk.

Old King Brady got out the powerful night-glass, which he always carries, and swept the northern and southern shores.

The yacht was about in the middle of the Sound.

"Do you know where we are?" inquired Alice.

"I should say about opposite Stamford, Connecticut," was the reply.

"Do you think the yacht has been scuttled, governor?" asked Harry.

"It looks so to me. We must at once investigate. Get a lantern unless these wretches have carried them all off. I see we have no lights displayed."

"They were perfectly willing to have us run into," said Harry, "but wait here, governor. I'll have a lantern in a minute if there is one to be found."

Harry hurried to the engine-room.

Here the fires had been banked.

Every stop-cock was open, all steam had been allowed to escape, the boiler was dry.

Harry looked in the coal bunkers and found that there was almost no coal.

That it was a carefully arranged job to do up the detectives was plain to be seen.

At last Harry struck a closet in which were several lanterns, with red, green and ordinary glass shades.

He hurriedly lighted such as he thought they would need and returned to the deck.

"Good!" exclaimed Old King Brady, "now we are fixed; but we won't display our colored lights just yet. Those fellows may be watching us from somewhere. We don't want to put them wise to what we are about."

So the colored lanterns were put out and the detectives started to look into the matter of the leak.

Harry stripped below and soon found himself in the hold which was about half full of water.

Flashing the lantern about, he thought he could locate the leak by a certain movement of the surface.

Hanging the lantern on a hook he dove and swam under water to the spot.

Here he found that he was right, by feeling around.

Five auger holes had been bored in the timbers.

Harry came up and shouted to the old detective, who was at the top of a ladder which led down into the hold.

"Find it?" he asked.

"I found five auger holes, yes."

"There may be more on the other side."

"We will stop these first. Let me have those old rags."

Old King Brady had ripped up an old suit of clothes which he discovered.

Harry took the rags and a marlin spike and with these went below again.

He had to come up twice before he completed his task.

"Have you plugged them?" demanded the old detective.

"Yes."

"Do you think they will hold?"

"I do; at least till we can pump out."

"We better try that now."

"Shan't I go under again?"

"No; we will try the pumps first."

"Just as you say."

Harry came up and hastily dressed.

They then joined Alice on deck.

"See anything startling?" demanded Old King Brady.

"No," replied Alice.

"Then, now for the pumps."

They went at it and put in an hour's hard work.

At last the pumps sucked.

To their great satisfaction the yacht had risen considerably on the water.

Harry went below and swung his lantern into the hold.

"Well?" demanded Old King Brady.

"It is about clear."

"Good enough! Go down and examine your plugs. Then join me in the cabin."

When Harry came into the cabin he found Old King Brady and Alice poring over a large book.

"What have you there?" he demanded.

"This is the yachting list," replied Old King Brady.

"We are looking up this yacht."

"Do you know her name?"

"She is the Loon."

"How did you find out?"

Well might Harry ask the question.

As he already knew the name of the yacht had been obliterated everywhere.

Even on the stern it had been blotted out by a smear of white paint.

"Found it on some plated forks in the pantry," said the old detective.

"They may have come from some other yacht."

"It is possible, but I doubt it. How about the plugs?"

"They did finely. I punched them in again. They are all right."

"Any other holes?"

"No."

"We have had a very lucky escape."

"Well, I should say we had!"

"Here is the name," remarked Alice. "Loon; it belongs to Mr. Arthur Penfleet."

"So? Penfleet! Those Penfleets were bankers on Wall Street, twenty odd years ago. Old family. Lived in a hundred-year-old mansion somewhere on the New York shore of the Sound. There was a horrible double murder done there, I recollect, and after that the place was closed for years. Let me see, yes, one of the family was convicted of the crime, if I mistake not. It will all come back to me after a little."

"That's long before my time," said Harry. "But one of us must stand watch. I'll go. We are liable to be run down without lights."

"That's what we are. Go on, Harry."

Old King Brady examined the yachting list.

"You are right, Alice," he said.

"I am glad I hit it," replied Alice. "Have you remembered anything more about the murder?"

"Yes; it has all come back to me. Old banker and wife supposed to have been murdered by dissipated son.

He was arrested, convicted and sentenced to twenty years in Sing Sing. He was found dead drunk in the house and claimed perfect ignorance of what had happened.

"How was the murder done?"

"With an axe. The bloody axe was found alongside of him. The old banker kept considerable money in the house, and as this was missing the supposition was that a confederate was concerned. At all events, the jury gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and he escaped the electric chair."

"He must be out now."

"Oh, certainly. Still, it is hard to believe that the owner of this yacht can be the same man, and yet it may be so. However, it is easily ascertained. But come, let us join Harry."

They did so, and the Bradys began to discuss their plans.

It was finally decided to go back to New York.

Although the coal supply was so nearly exhausted, Old King Brady thought that there was still enough to get up steam with, and salt water could be used in the boiler.

Harry was chosen chief engineer, and went below to see what could be done.

The yacht, meanwhile, continued to drift, and seemed to be working over toward the Long Island shore.

"I propose to make a thorough examination of this craft, Alice," said Old King Brady. "Meanwhile, you stand watch. Blow this whistle if I am wanted."

Alice took the whistle and Old King Brady went below.

No one had visited the fo'castle as yet.

The old detective flashed his light about here and there, examining every hole and corner.

He was just about to give it up when his ears caught a sound like a groan.

Old King Brady whipped around and looked behind him, but there was no one to be seen.

He had opened every door in the place, so he could not understand it.

Now he started for the door of a closet which he had looked into hastily.

In this closet was a pile of old boxes which had seemed to almost fill the place.

As Old King Brady pulled open the door he heard the groan again.

It seemed to come from behind the boxes.

"Is anyone here?" demanded the old detective.

A muffled sound was heard in answer.

Old King Brady pulled away the boxes in a hurry.

Behind them, lying all doubled up on the floor, and crowded into a corner, he saw a man.

As Old King Brady flashed his light upon him he saw that he was a person perhaps fifty years old, although looking much older, as his hair was snow white.

He was bound hand and foot, and a handkerchief was tied over his mouth.

Thus it was instantly made plain that the plot to sink the yacht had not been intended for the Bradys alone.

The old detective hurried to the man's relief.

He saw at once that he was a person of intelligence.

Cutting the cords and untying the handkerchief, he helped him to rise.

The man murmured thanks, but made no further effort to speak.

He stared at the old detective in a dazed fashion, and coming out into the fo'castle, dropped down upon a bench.

"Well, my friend, and what about you?" demanded Old King Brady.

"There is nothing about me that is particularly pleasant to contemplate, I fancy," replied the man, in a high, squeaky voice.

His eyes were red and watery. He seemed as weak as a child.

"I know what the matter with you is, my man," thought the old detective.

He produced a little medicine case, which he usually carries, and took out a bottle labelled morphine.

The man's eyes were right upon him, and now they sparkled with sudden fire.

"You know what I need, sir," he said.

"I know what you need in the condition you are in now," Old King Brady replied, "and I know also what it is that is killing you. You are a morphine fiend."

"That's what I am."

"How much are you in the habit of taking?"

"Give me a grain."

"Are you sure you can stand that much?"

"If I wasn't I would not ask it. Give me a grain, and give it to me quick, for heaven's sake."

"Can you swallow four of these quarter-grain pills without water?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then follow me to the cabin."

"Wait!"

"Well?"

"Is anyone there?"

"No. Myself and two friends and you are the only ones aboard the Loon, so far as I know."

"Who are you?"

"I'll tell you later, when I find out who you are."

"I must know you first."

"Come and take your morphine. We will see then if we can't come to some understanding."

"You will have to help me, sir. I am very much reduced."

"I will help you."

"All right. Let me lean on you; that is all I need."

Old King Brady helped the fellow, who was dressed as a gentleman, up to the deck.

When the "fiend" caught sight of Alicē, who was standing at the bow, glass in hand, he stared curiously.

Alice started to come forward, but Old King Brady, by a peculiar sign, waved her back.

"This is very strange," muttered the fiend. "Who are you people, then? Where is Captain Hintz?"

"Everybody has left but this lady, myself, and a young man, a friend of mine," replied Old King Brady. "You will have to acknowledge your own identity first, my friend—that is certain."

"Give me the pills; then I can think," was the answer.

Old King Brady led the way down to the cabin.

Pouring out a glass of water he handed it to the fiend, at the same time giving him the four pills.

It was pitiful to watch his nervousness.

Old King Brady turned his back on the man.

An instant later the fiend placed the glass on the table, and dropped into a chair.

For a few minutes he remained with his head resting on his hand.

When he looked up at last there was light in his eyes, and he was an altogether different looking person.

"My dear sir, a thousand thanks," he said. "But for that morphine, which you so fortunately had about you, I believe I should have died. Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"And yet you carry the drug. It is not necessary for me to ask you if you are a morphine fiend, for I perceive that you are not."

"Quite so. And now, sir, is it not better that we should come to some understanding?"

"I hardly know. Kindly explain what you can of this strange situation, and tell me how you come to be aboard my yacht."

"Your yacht?"

"Oh, yes. This is my yacht."

"Indeed! Then in that case you must be Mr. Arthur Penfleet."

"Well, I may as well admit it, seeing that you are so well posted. Yes; I am Arthur Penfleet."

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF ARTHUR PENFLEET.

Just then Harry came into the cabin.

"Everything is ready for a start, Governor," he said, as he entered.

This was before he got through the door, or had seen the fiend.

Then it was Harry who started.

"Who have we here?" he demanded.

"Let me introduce Mr. Arthur Penfleet," said the old detective. "I found him a prisoner in a closet in the fo'castle. He was feeling pretty badly then, but I am just after giving him a grain of morphine, and he feels better now."

Harry nodded to Mr. Penfleet.

"Rather a one-sided introduction," said Penfleet, who was now a different man.

All the trembling was gone. His eyes were bright and sparkling.

One would scarcely have known him for the same person. The morphine had done its work.

"It is one-sided," replied the old detective.

"But, excuse me, Mr. Penfleet," he added. "This is a peculiar situation all around. Let me explain it in part."

"I wish you would explain it altogether, then."

"We will take it in sections. Now, to begin with section first. I, having an engagement with a certain party, whom for reasons of convenience sake we will call Mr. Smith, came on board this yacht with my two friends. We were received by a man who may or may not have been your Captain Hintz. We were treated to a good supper, and told that we must remain in the cabin. We did so. The next we knew the yacht stopped. We found that we were prisoners in the cabin. Breaking out, we discov-

ered that the yacht had been scuttled, and was sinking, the crew having deserted, and the captain likewise gone. We plugged up the holes and pumped out. Now we are about to start for New York, although there is scarcely coal enough in the bunkers to carry us through. Incidentally we find that the yacht has been stripped of almost everything portable of any value. Last, I find you. This is the end of my first section, Mr. Penfleet."

"This is villainous work! I have been stabbed in the house of my friends!"

"I should judge so."

"But I cannot understand it. De La Tour would never do such a thing. By the way, was Thomas De La Tour the man whom you were to meet?"

"I know of no such person. Describe Captain Hintz, please."

Mr. Penfleet did so.

"He is unquestionably the man who posed as captain when we came aboard," said Old King Brady.

"Clearly this is a plot to put me out of the way. I think I see through it. It can only be the work of one man, and that man is Thomas De La Tour."

"And who is Thomas De La Tour?"

"The only friend I have in the world. At least until now I regarded him as my friend."

"Was he here with you on the yacht?"

"He was to join me on the yacht. We were to go for a few days to my country place up here on the Sound."

"At Cos Cob?"

"Near Cos Cob."

"How came you in the fix in which I found you?"

"I can't imagine. The last I remember I was asleep in my stateroom here. When I awoke I was where you found me."

"You had been indulging in morphine?"

"Yes."

"More than usual?"

"A little more than usual."

"When did you retire to your stateroom under the influence of the drug?"

"It was about four o'clock."

"I see."

"Are you ready to introduce yourself?"

"Not quite ready. Wait a minute. We must be near Cos Cob now. Do you wish to go there?"

"Yes, and no. I'd like to go home, but I live there in a big house all alone. If De La Tour seeks my life he may be there. He may kill me. In short, I am afraid."

"Harry, we won't start just now," said Old King Brady. "I wish to have a little private talk with this gentleman. Retire, please."

Young King Brady immediately left, remarking as he did so:

"You will remember, Governor, that we are burning up what little coal we have."

"I know," replied Old King Brady. "It can't be helped. If we run short we shall have to put in somewhere for a fresh supply."

Once they were alone Old King Brady turned to Mr. Penfleet again.

"Now, answer a few questions," he said.

"Do I have to? Who are you to question me?"

"You do not have to."

"This is my yacht. You are the intruders here, not I. Nevertheless, you have saved my life, but remember, I have only your word for it all. It may be you who made me a prisoner in the first place for all I know."

"I assure you that such is not the case."

"Well, go on. I'll answer your questions. I want to straighten this business out."

"You are the son of the late John Penfleet, the banker?"

"I am."

"You were convicted of the murder of your parents and sent to Sing Sing many years ago."

A ghastly look came over the fiend's face.

"I am an innocent man, sir!" he cried. "I never committed that crime."

"I can very well believe it. I merely wish to identify you, that is all."

"Then I am the person you have named."

"How long have you been out of States prison?"

"About ten years."

"And since then you have lived where and how?"

"I have lived on the money I inherited from my parents in our old house at Cos Cob."

"The scene of the murder?"

"Yes."

"You are living the life of a recluse, I take it?"

"I am. I live with a man servant."

"With once in a while a brother opium-fiend to keep you company?"

"I admit that."

"Such is this man Thomas De La Tour?"

"Yes."

"In what form does he take the drug?"

"He is an opium smoker."

"Is he an ex-convict—somebody you met in Sing Sing?"

"Well, yes. You see, I am answering your questions as freely as though you were my father confessor. Don't you think that this sort of thing has gone about far enough?"

"Just far enough. And now I am going to tell you who I am."

Old King Brady displayed his shield.

"Ah! A detective!" exclaimed Penfleet. "I guessed as much, but you can put nothing up to me. Barring the fact that I have become a morphine fiend since I left Sing Sing, I have lived an absolutely straight life."

"And yet you are associated with crooks?"

"I knew De La Tour, and considered him my friend."

"And yet he was a crook?"

"Yes; of course he had been a crook, but he assured me that he had reformed."

"Was he a counterfeiter?"

"Well, yes."

"De La Tour is not his real name, Mr. Penfleet."

"Yes, it is."

"Is this the man as he looked fifteen years ago, when you first knew him in Sing Sing?"

Old King Brady produced a photograph copied from a Rogue's Gallery picture. It represented Thomas Tourbalat, better known as "Old Foxy."

Penfleet merely glanced at it.

"No," he said. "I never knew that man."

Old King Brady restored the photograph to his pocket. He had been sure of making a hit, and had failed.

"Well, Mr. Penfleet," he said, "now vanishes all mystery. I am Old King Brady, the detective. The two persons you saw outside are my partners, Miss Alice Montgomery and Young King Brady. We were out on Secret Service business after the original of that picture, one Thomas Tourbalat, alias Old Foxy, a counterfeiter, and an ex-convict from Sing Sing five years ago. Do you know the man?"

"I do not."

"And yet he was in Sing Sing at the same time you were."

"There are many convicts in Sing Sing, Mr. Brady. One cannot know them all."

"And you never heard of this Old Foxy?"

"I never heard of him."

"Which is not saying that De La Tour never did. He is a Frenchman by birth. Is De La Tour French?"

"I understand so."

"There is a connection between them, no doubt. You have heard of me?"

"Why, certainly; but you do not look like the pictures of the man you claim to be."

"Do I not? Then if you will excuse me I will soon make that right."

And then and there Old King Brady made one of his lightning changes.

When he had finished the typical Old King Brady stood before Mr. Penfleet.

"Yes, you are certainly Old King Brady," he said, "but now, my dear sir, seeing that I have freely answered your questions, will you be good enough to answer one or two for me?"

"Certainly. As many as you wish."

"Where did you get that square amethyst ring?"

"Ha! Oddly enough you have asked me the one question which I cannot answer."

"Is it so? Well, then, let me tell you that the ring belongs to me."

"Indeed! It is easily proved."

"Very easily."

"There is a motto engraved on the inside."

"Yes."

"If you can tell me the reading of the motto, Mr. Penfleet, I shall feel it my duty to hand you over the ring."

"It is in French. It reads: 'Suivez Daison,' or, follow the right, in plain English. It is the motto of the Penfleet family."

"Your ring, Mr. Penfleet," said Old King Brady, removing it from his finger and handing it to the morphine fiend.

"How in the world did you come by it?" demanded Penfleet.

"It was sent to me by Old Foxy," replied Old King Brady quietly. "It was to be my means of identification. I was directed to show it to the yacht captain, and did so. But how did you part with the ring?"

"I supposed that I lost it. I am now perfectly well satisfied that Tom De La Tour stole it from me."

"Very likely. And now you see, Mr. Penfleet, what sort of people you have allowed yourself to get mixed up with. You have placed yourself in a very dubious position. Believe me, that but for our coming together as we

have done you might have found yourself landed in Sing Sing again."

The fiend turned pale.

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed. "I see I was all wrong in taking up with Tom De La Tour; but, Mr. Brady, perhaps you don't quite understand how a man in my situation feels. I am worth five millions, and yet no one wants to associate with me. I am a gentleman by birth and instinct, but gentlemen do not wish to associate with me. I can join no club, I can't go into society, I —"

"Come, come, there are ways and ways. You can change your name and travel. You don't have to lock yourself up like a hermit in the house where your parents were murdered with five millions at your command. Of course, you have servants, I suppose, but——"

"My only servant is a young colored man, who acts as valet and chauffeur. I have my yacht and my auto. 'Hintz and the crew lived aboard the Loon. Sam and I lived alone in the house."

"It's all the morphine, Mr. Penfleet. But now we must decide. Shall we take you home?"

"Mr. Brady, help me to think. I am of rather a vindictive disposition. I'll pay big money to get square with Tom De La Tour."

"Ah, ha! You would like to have me take hold and solve this mystery for you, and at the same time jack up De La Tour?"

"I would indeed. I'll pay you well. I see a deep plot in all this."

"Very well, my dear sir," replied the old detective. "Then place yourself in my hands. I am myself pretty sure that there is some deep motive underlying it all."

Old King Brady then left the cabin, and ordered Harry to start not down the Sound, but up.

"Run over to Stamford," he said. "I'll steer. The case has taken altogether a different turn."

And Old King Brady took the wheel, ordering Alice to request Mr. Penfleet to join him there.

CHAPTER V.

THE BRADYS TRACE OLD FOXY TO HIS LAIR.

"Mr. Penfleet," said Old King Brady, "I have determined to abandon for the time being the work I have been engaged in, and jump right in on your case."

"Indeed! And I am very glad to hear it," replied the morphine fiend.

He spoke in a heavy, drowsy fashion.

Old King Brady eyed him attentively.

"You have morphine hidden somewhere in the cabin," he said to himself. "You have been taking a second dose."

Perhaps it was so.

There are none so sly as your true morphine fiends.

But Penfleet managed to pull himself together.

"What are your plans?" he asked.

"I propose to run to Stamford, and turn the Loon over to the care of a yacht builder whom I happen to know. He will keep her concealed in his yard, and in the meantime I will keep you concealed in my house for a few

days. We must find out what the intention of your friend De La Tour is, and the best way to do this is to allow him to believe that we have all gone to the bottom of the Sound."

"I think you are right, and I have no objection," replied Penfleet. "Only thing is my morphine. I shall simply have to have it regularly. If you can supply that I had just as soon stay at your house for a month."

"I will see that you are supplied."

"It is agreed. Now, if you will excuse me, I will retire to my stateroom. I need sleep."

Old King Brady let him go.

Without knowing any of the facts in the case he was inclined to consider it one of a troubled conscience.

"This man does not want to think, so he simply keeps himself dead to the world," he reflected.

He called Alice to him, and related the story of Penfleet.

"A queer turn of affairs," remarked Alice. "But what can Old Foxy have to do with it all?"

"That is what is puzzling me. But my campaign against Old Foxy has come to a disastrous ending. We have got to begin over again, and this man's affairs offer an excellent opening to do it. I believe it will bring me up against Old Foxy beyond a doubt."

Once they were well started Old King Brady turned the wheel over to Alice, and going to the engine-room, held a long consultation with Harry, who fully concurred with his plans.

Stamford was reached at last.

Old King Brady lay off the town until daybreak, when they ran into a basin by the yacht-builder's yard, using up the last spoonful of coal in the attempt.

Old King Brady pulled ashore, and arousing his friend, the yacht builder, arranged with him to have the Loon cared for until further orders.

When he returned he found Penfleet up and about.

He had evidently just taken another dose of morphine, and Old King Brady accused him of it.

"You had some hidden in your stateroom," he said.

Penfleet admitted it.

"But it is not much," he declared. "It is almost gone now."

Knowing well that all opium users are inveterate liars, Old King Brady paid little attention to this.

"Be careful you don't kill yourself," he said. "There is no telling what this investigation may mean for you."

"If it could only cure me of the use of the drug," sighed the fiend.

"You can be cured. Others have been."

"I am afraid I am past hope, Mr. Brady."

"Don't say it, and don't think it."

"Look here, you made a remark just now which has set me thinking."

"Well?"

"You are said to be a man of extraordinary shrewdness."

"Some think so."

"Your reputation is well known, Mr. Brady. I never committed the crime for which I was sentenced. If you could go over that matter with me some time, even at this late date, it might be possible to clear my name."

"I will cheerfully do so. But not now. Let us keep

that other business of ours well in hand now. We are going ashore in a few minutes. Meanwhile let me do a little for you in the way of disguise, for under no circumstances must it be suspected that you are alive."

And it was really wonderful what a difference Old King Brady succeeded in making in the man's appearance.

They all went ashore then, and having breakfasted at a Stamford hotel, they took the first train for New York.

On the way Old King Brady obtained from Mr. Penfleet a very accurate description of his house at Cos Cob.

"I propose to look around there to-day," the old detective declared. "I may even put in the night there. The first thing to get at is the motive of these people for removing you. Do you imagine that this negro valet of yours can be in the plot?"

"Who can tell?" was the reply. "I certainly paid Sam enough to make him faithful to me, but still he may have sold me out."

"We shall see. In the meantime you can give me a line to him. We shall have to come up against him in any case, I suppose."

Arrived at New York, the Bradys took a cab, and Mr. Penfleet went with them to the old house on Washington Square, where for many years the Bradys have kept bachelor's hall.

Alice did not accompany them, but went directly to the offices of the Brady Detective Bureau on Union Square.

Arrived at the house, Old King Brady put his guest in the special charge of Julius, his colored man-of-all-work.

He left Mr. Penfleet a supply of morphine, and instructing him under no circumstances to think of leaving the house until he next saw him, the old detective withdrew.

That afternoon, instead of returning home, the Bradys with Alice went to Cos Cob.

They were not disguised, Old King Brady seeing no necessity for it, as it was now to be a fight in the open against Old Foxy.

That he had been in some way betrayed by the Concord convict the old detective was certain.

It was the beginning of a new deal all around.

Penfleet Manor was located some three miles from Cos Cob station, right on the shore of the Sound.

The detectives, however, were determined to walk there, as they did not care to leave a too plainly marked trail behind them.

It was just at dusk when, entering between two stone pillars, they passed into beautiful, but sadly neglected grounds.

The trees grew so thick that they could see nothing of the house until they were almost upon it.

It was a large stone structure, two stories and an attic in height, and covering a great deal of ground.

As Mr. Penfleet had informed them, during all the years of his imprisonment, the place had been kept shut up, save for the presence of a family who acted as caretakers.

These people had kept the house and grounds in good order, everything being maintained exactly as it was when Banker Penfleet was alive.

After his release from Sing Sing Mr. Penfleet took up

his residence in the house, the man and wife who had been in charge acting as gardener and housekeeper.

Both had since died, and after their death the place was allowed to run down until it gradually sank into the condition of neglect in which Old King Brady and his companions now found it.

"Now, here we are," said the old detective, "and the first thing to do is to find Sam, if he is still around, which I very much doubt."

Following Penfleet's directions, they went to a side door and knocked several times.

There was no response, however.

Old King Brady tried the door, and found it fastened on the inside.

Each of the other doors was in the same condition.

The place appeared to be entirely deserted.

"Now, let us think what to do," said the old detective. "As you know, Penfleet's pockets had been cleaned out, so he could not give us his keys. We can break into this house, and perhaps without leaving any trace behind us, although that is doubtful. I vote that we do our watching about the grounds for awhile at least, for my theory is that someone will be approaching this place by water after dark."

Alice assented.

Harry offered an amendment.

"As we may want to sneak in suppose we find an entrance while there is time, to be used by us or not, as occasion may require," he said.

"Amendment accepted," replied the old detective. "Go ahead, you, and do this. We will watch down by the shore."

"I better see you located first, so that I can get to you quick on a pinch."

"Right. We will look around the grounds now. It can be better done before it gets too dark."

So they pushed on to the shore.

It was a charming spot here.

"Oh, what a lovely place!" exclaimed Alice.

Here a little cove set in from the Sound, bounded on one side by a low hill covered with a growth of noble oaks.

On the other side a ledge of rocks about twenty feet high cropped out right at the water's edge.

At the top of these rocks stood a summer house pretty well in ruins.

Between these two hills was a little pier.

The grounds all around were thickly overgrown with lilacs, begonias and other shrubs.

The moon was at its full, and shone down upon the Sound, making the now still water glitter with a silvery sheen.

"It is indeed a beautiful place," said Old King Brady. "A little money spent here under the direction of a competent landscape gardener would make this old place charming indeed."

They ascended to the summer-house, and looked off upon the Sound.

One of the big Fall River liners, all ablaze with light, was just passing, and they could hear the band playing on board.

Several private yachts lay at anchor, both above and below them.

But as they stood, no other house was visible in either direction.

"Any crime could be committed here without danger of detection," Harry remarked.

"Indeed, yes," replied Old King Brady. "I am getting interested. After all, Penfleet may be innocent. The real murderer could have easily landed here by boat, and finding the man drunk could have put up the circumstantial evidence against him."

"And now where are you two going to locate?" demanded Harry.

Old King Brady gave him a comical look.

"Beautiful evening, is it not?" he remarked.

"Lovely. Why?"

"I was thinking that over on the other bluff among those oak trees would be a charming spot to locate."

"Is that settled? Do I find you there when I return?"

"I was thinking that I would amend the amendment, and do the house act myself. I shall expect to find you and Alice there when I return."

Thus saying, Old King Brady walked off and left them.

"Blessings on the Governor for his consideration!" said Harry, slipping his arm about Alice's waist.

"Who is he considering—you or me?" retorted Alice, promptly disengaging the arm.

"Why not call it both of us?"

"Pshaw, Harry. Are you at it again? This is no time for love-making."

"I beg leave to differ. I consider it just the psychological moment, and an ideal spot. Come, let us stroll to the oak-grove, and wander in the moonlight."

Again the arm went back into place.

And this time Alice merely laughed, and let it stay.

Thus it will be seen that Old King Brady was wise in his generation, and by amending the amendment he made no mistake.

It was fully three-quarters of an hour before Old King Brady entered the oak grove.

When he first caught sight of his partners they were seated close together on a rustic bench, but when he came up to the place Harry had walked to the edge of the bluff, and was looking off on the Sound through his glass.

"See anything?" demanded the old detective.

"There is a large launch working up this way; we have been watching it—that's all," said Harry.

"Oh! You are sure it is all?" chuckled the old detective. "However, it is enough."

"What did you find?"

"Nothing of any consequence. There is a balcony door over the side piazza, which I opened. We can climb up by an old wisteria vine without the least difficulty. I went all over the house."

And found what?"

"Little of interest. Most of the rooms are closed up, and given over to cobwebs and dust. The suite occupied by Penfleet and his man are in a sad condition of disorder. I could find nothing of Sam nor anybody else in the house."

"Then we had best take up our watch here, and see what comes of it."

"Yes."

"Chances are this De La Tour bought Sam for a big price, and then chased him."

"Impossible to say. I have known black men in my time whom no money could buy to do a mean or crooked thing, and plenty of white ones who could be purchased for a drink or a cigar."

"And vice versa."

"Decidedly vice versa. But let me have a look at your launch."

Old King Brady did the glass act then.

"They seem to be working inshore all right," he announced, at length.

"They have already worked their way inshore. Keeping close inshore is what you mean."

"Well!"

"As I make it the launch is pretty well loaded down with stuff under a tarpaulin."

"Yes. There seems to be a pretty good load of some sort aboard, but whether they are coming here or not is a question."

"How many men do you make in the thing?"

"Three, counting the engineer."

"That's the way with me."

"We will wait and see, but we can't stay here. The place is entirely too much exposed; let us get down among those syringa bushes, and watch out when the boat gets a little nearer."

They waited.

Soon it became almost certain that the boat was heading for the cove.

The detectives withdrew to the syringa bushes.

The spot commanded a view of the pier, but they could not see around the high ledge where the manor house was.

"This is a poor place," grumbled Old King Brady, "but it is too late to change it now."

And still they waited.

The time had now come for the launch to appear in the cove if it was ever going to.

Just as the old detective's patience was becoming exhausted, two men suddenly walked around the bluff and turned into a broad path leading up to the house.

Old King Brady gave a low, triumphant chuckle.

"Well?" breathed Harry.

"Hist! Not a sound," came the answer. "It is Old Foxy himself with whom we have to deal."

CHAPTER VI.

LYING LOW.

Alice and Harry remained silent and motionless, awaiting the word from their chief.

In counterfeiting cases, as they both knew, the main point is to get the plates and destroy them.

The capture of the counterfeiter is always held secondary to this.

Therefore, whether Old King Brady would want to arrest Old Foxy off-hand or not they could not tell.

The old crook was a man well on in years, and roughly dressed.

He was, however, quite a distinguished looking person,

and differently dressed might have passed for a gentleman anywhere.

His companion, a somewhat younger man, was dark and sallow, and exceedingly thin.

As Old King Brady looked him over in the moonlight he saw that he could be none other than De La Tour, for his appearance exactly coincided with the description given by Penfleet.

The pair walked to the front entrance of the old mansion, and here De La Tour admitted himself at the front door with a latch-key.

Old Foxy passed in after him, and the door was closed.

In order to see this Old King Brady was forced to leave his concealment and get out into the path.

He presently returned, announcing what had happened.

"You were right," said Harry. "This is evidently Old Foxy's holdout."

"It cannot be the one where he has been operating," replied the old detective, "but perhaps he intends to shift his operations here."

"That would furnish a motive for his desire to dispose of Penfleet."

"Yes."

"Do you think the second man is De La Tour?"

"I am sure of it."

"Do we try to get a closer look at the boat?"

"No; I think not. We will rush into the house as arranged and do our spying there, leaving Alice to keep watch on the outside."

"And where am I to be stationed?" inquired Alice.

"Remain exactly where you are," replied Old King Brady. "Keep a careful watch. You take the glass. If they carry stuff up to the house note what it is."

Alice promised and the Bradys withdrew.

They sneaked through the shrubbery and got around on the side of the house.

It was still dark inside, which rather puzzled them, for several of the windows had open blinds and any light moving about inside ought to have been seen.

"They must have taken to the cellar," remarked Harry.

"We shall soon know," was the reply. "Slip on your rubber soles quick."

Both attached their rubber soles to their shoes, fastening them by an arrangement peculiarly their own—rubber heels they usually wear.

This done, Harry climbed the wisteria vine and slipped into the room.

Old King Brady immediately followed.

"Hear anything?" he asked.

"Not a sound."

"Never mind. We will catch onto their curves. We will leave the window open, so as to give ourselves a loophole to escape out of in case we are cornered. Now follow me."

Thus saying, the old detective passed through to a hall, and, bending over the banisters, looked down to the floor below.

Not a sound could he hear.

"It must be that they have taken to the cellar, as you say," he remarked. "I can't exactly understand their game—unless it is that."

"Probably they intend to start a queer shop in the cellar."

"My theory, too; but it was also my theory that they had brought some of their stuff in that boat."

"Likely. Then they will be for bringing it in."

"Yes."

"Do you intend to arrest Old Foxy?"

"Not this trip. I am gunning for the whole gang and also for the plates. It won't do to be too previous."

"In that case I suppose it will do no particular good to see them in the cellar."

"None at all. We will wait here until they show themselves. Then we may be able to pick up some scraps of conversation of value to us."

They waited in silence.

A full half hour passed and still there was nothing doing.

Harry could now see that the old detective was growing restive under the strain; therefore he was not surprised when Old King Brady suddenly exclaimed in a suppressed voice:

"Oh, come on, Harry. Let's hunt 'em up. We can't stay here forever, that's sure."

Harry silently followed him downstairs.

"Have you been in the cellar?" he breathed.

"Yes."

"What did you find there?"

"Nothing but a lot of rubbish. It is not at all a place for a queer maker to use. For one thing it would take several days to clear it out."

"Shall I get the revolver ready?"

"Yes, and I'll go ahead. Slow and easy now. Stand ready to obey orders implicitly. It won't pay to make a break."

Aided by a flashlight, Old King Brady made his way to the kitchen.

Here there was a door leading down into the cellar.

"I locked this with a skeleton key because I found it locked," he whispered.

"And it is locked now," replied Harry, trying the door.

Old King Brady got out his skeleton keys and opened the door without so much as a breath of noise.

The cellar was dark.

They listened and could not hear a sound.

Finally they ventured down and found the place deserted.

Nor was there the least thing to indicate that Old Foxy and Dela Tour had been there.

"Sold!" said Harry. "Nothing doing here."

"It is almost enough to make one believe that it was a pair of ghosts we saw," said the old detective. "We are dead slow. We ought to have watched in the house."

"Right. Shall we get back to Alice?"

"Right now. I can see no good reason for waiting another minute."

"May as well go out by the door, I suppose."

"No. These men may have simply gone to bed in one of the vacant rooms. We will not show ourselves."

"Suppose we examine the rooms?"

"Perhaps it would be best. Yes, upon the whole, I think it would be, but we must be very, very cautious. I have no desire to get into a fight."

And the examination was made.

Exercising every caution, the Bradys moved from room to room.

It all went for nothing, however, for no trace of the two men was found.

At last Old King Brady rang off in disgust.

"This is the biggest fool business ever," he declared. "Let's get back."

They descended the vine and stole back to where they had left Alice.

"Well? And where is young Old Foxy?" she asked.

"He has proved too sly for us," replied Harry. "In short, we have not been able to discover the least trace of him. Have those two men passed you since?"

"I have seen nothing of them."

"They have doubled on us somehow," declared Old King Brady. "Come, Harry, let us see what's doing at the boat."

"Shall I go?" demanded Alice.

"No; remain here. Watch their movements carefully if they pass you."

Old King Brady and Harry then crept down to the shore and looked cautiously around the corner of the high ledge.

There was no launch to be seen.

"As I suspected," said Old King Brady. "To the oak bluff! Quick!"

They took Alice with them this time.

Out on the edge of the bluff the glass was again brought into play.

"There she goes!" cried Harry. "I can see her without the glass."

"Exactly," replied Old King Brady, "and the same three men are in her, but there is no tarpaulin in evidence now. Oh, we have been most beautifully fooled!"

"And what's to be done now?" demanded Harry as the old detective shut up his glass.

"Give it up and go home," was the reply; "that is providing we can get a train from Cos Cob. Our fight in the open against Old Foxy has signally failed. Our next move will be made in the dark."

The Bradys did succeed in getting their train and the result was that they slept that night in their beds, which was something they had not expected to do.

Next morning the old detective held a long conference with Arthur Penfleet.

Harry went to the office meanwhile.

He did not meet the old detective there until noon.

"Have you come to any conclusion?" he then asked.

"Oh, yes. I think so," was the reply. "In the first place this firm goes into disguise and keeps away from this office for the present. Meanwhile our people will give out the word to the papers that we have been missing since night before last."

"Rather too late in the day for all that, Governor. We have been seen at points various and sundry. We may even have been seen coming and going here."

"I know it; but I am taking chances on all that. Crooks are not detectives. I hardly think that Old Foxy has had spies out watching us. Anyhow, I propose to work on the supposition that he had not, and we will see what comes of it. Call Alice and we will formulate our plans."

That afternoon all the papers had allusions to the disappearance of the Bradys.

The accounts ran much the same.

It was stated that Old King Brady had been missing for a week or more, but the fact was hushed up by his partners, and that now they were missing, too.

That night the detectives turned up at a fashionable hotel disguised and under another name.

With them was Arthur Penfleet, also disguised.

The party posed as people just come from the West.

For one week nothing whatever was done on the case by Old King Brady's orders.

During this week Penfleet was visited daily by a famous morphine specialist, who took him right in hand.

This was entirely through Old King Brady's influence.

The old detective, after several efforts, succeeded in arousing some ambition in the wretched man.

During this week there came another newspaper sensation about the disappearance of Arthur Penfleet.

The whole wretched story of the unfortunate man was rehashed again.

It was stated that Mr. Penfleet and a friend named Dela Tour had been in the habit of going about in the yacht house together.

The theory given out was that the yacht had exploded her boiler and sunk, probably in Southern waters.

That the captain and crew were missing was also announced.

Now all this was arranged by Old King Brady through a go-between on the police.

Another week passed.

Still the keen detectives lay low.

The motive was to smoke out the enemy and make him display his hand.

And this succeeded beautifully.

Penfleet was now much improved.

He had reduced his morphine taking to a small dose just before retiring.

So successful had the treatment been that the man's natural sleep was returning to him, and with it his appetite.

He had begun to eat as he had not done in several years.

The whole party were gathered at breakfast one morning in the private parlor of the Bradys' suite when the old detective, upon opening the morning paper, suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, friends, at last we get there, and this tedious wait is over. Listen to this."

And Old King Brady read a column article which need not be repeated here.

It announced the safe return of Mr. Thomas Dela Tour to New York.

The missing man had given out a statement to the reporters to this effect:

That the yacht *Loon*, starting on a pleasure trip to Florida with himself and Arthur Penfleet as passengers, had been wrecked off Hatteras, the boiler exploding, as the papers had surmised.

He claimed to be the sole survivor of the calamity.

His story was a weird one.

It told how he took to a boat, lost his oars, was buffeted about by the tide for two days, finally landing in a vast

swamp, where he almost starved; rescued at last by a negro, who nursed him back to strength, and how finally he made his way North.

He spoke to his interviewers of Penfleet with deep feeling, calling him his dearest friend, his more than brother, et cetera.

The papers did not appear to have caught on to the fact that Dela Tour was also an ex-convict.

They spoke of him as a gentleman of means and leisure.

The interviewer of one paper spoke of meeting Mr. Dela Tour at his apartment at the St. Regis Hotel.

Another that the interview was had at the office of Mr. Dela Tour's attorney, Mr. Wellford, No. — Broadway.

"The enemy is getting busy," said Old King Brady, "and we must do likewise. Now for the next move."

CHAPTER VII.

OLD KING BRADY GETS AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE CASE.

Right after breakfast Old King Brady and Arthur Penfleet jumped into a public automobile and rode downtown.

Here they called at the office of Carfax, Butterworth & Carfax, well-known lawyers in New York.

Arthur Penfleet sent in his personal card and requested an interview with a member of the firm.

Word came out that Mr. Butterworth would see him, and he was ushered into the presence of the noted lawyer, Old King Brady accompanying him.

Mr. Butterworth proved to be an elderly gentleman of particularly intelligent appearance.

He looked his visitors over curiously and requested them to be seated.

"Which of you is Mr. Penfleet?" he asked, looking them over again with half-closed eyes.

"I am Arthur Penfleet," replied the morphine fiend.

"Indeed! Allow me to call your attention to the recent newspaper reports of Mr. Penfleet's death."

"I can't help that. I am Arthur Penfleet and this is my friend, Mr. Perham. Now, Mr. Butterworth, your firm had charge of my father's estate for many years. When I came out of Sing Sing I chose to take the property out of your hands and have since managed or rather mismanaged it myself. I have now decided to again make Carfax, Butterworth & Carfax my attorneys, if they will accept the commission."

"Indeed! The estate we know to be a large one. Well, perhaps you deny the truth of the newspaper accounts of your death, Mr. Penfleet?"

"I utterly deny them. I am Arthur Penfleet, or what there is left of him. Let me tell my story before you throw any further doubt on my identity."

"Very well; go ahead."

Penfleet then launched out and told the whole story. He mentioned his association with Thomas Dela Tour in Sing Sing and afterward in the old house at Cos Cob.

He told the true story of the growth of the morphine habit upon him and wound up by telling the adventure of the yacht precisely as it had occurred, but making no mention of the Bradys.

As to the manner of his rescue he stated that one other

man had been left aboard the yacht locked in the cabin; that this man had plugged up the holes, and so saved their lives, but that he had refused to give his name."

He spoke of him as being probably some criminal whom Dela Tour wanted to get rid of, stating that they had parted company at Stamford, where the Loon now was.

To all of which Mr. Butterworth listened in silence.

"And what do you want me to do?" he asked when Penfleet at last ceased to speak.

"To take charge of my affairs," was the reply. "I have reason to believe that De la Tour will produce a forged will making him my sole legatee. I am trying to shake the morphine habit. If I succeed I propose to lead a very different life in future. I want to head this man off. What is more, I want revenge."

"Ha!" said the lawyer. "Revenge is sweet, they say. But now, my friend, let me tell you something. Undoubtedly you thought to tempt me by the size of the Penfleet estate, which you seem in some mysterious way to have learned all about. Doubtless you are another of Penfleet's morphine friends. But it won't work. I am an honest man, even if I am a lawyer. Arthur Penfleet's father was one of my dearest friends. You—are—a—fraud! I am about to send for an officer and have you arrested. No! Don't move! I have a revolver in this drawer, and I know how to defend myself. Your little game has failed."

Penfleet smiled.

"It has perfectly succeeded, on the contrary," he said. "When I took my property out of your hands I doubted you, Mr. Butterworth, but now I know it was without cause."

"Tut! tut! Say no more."

"But wait!"

Penfleet pulled off the wig which he wore and exhibited his white hair.

"Ha!" exclaimed the lawyer. "A disguise?"

"Yes. Don't ask me to change my face, for it was made up with considerable trouble. Do you recognize me now?"

"I certainly begin to question my own judgment. But look here, I can put you to a test, which I am perfectly willing to accept as satisfactory."

"Put me to any test. I am Arthur Penfleet."

"I will put you to two. Why did I not defend you when you were accused of the murder of your parents?"

"Because you believed me guilty and you loved my father as a brother. You came to the Westchester jail and begged me to confess."

"True. And what were my last words when we parted?"

"You said, 'Arthur, believing you guilty, I cannot defend you, but inasmuch as your poor father's will makes you sole heir to his estate, in the event of your mother's death and makes me sole executor, I shall care for the property as though it was my own.'"

"You have said it. I admit that you are Arthur."

"One more test which I put upon myself. When you turned over the property I did not even thank you for your faithful stewardship. Because you believed me guilty I refused to deal with you personally, but did so through a lawyer named Brown, who is now dead. Your last words when we finally parted were:

"'Arthur, you have deeply wronged me. Where an-

other would have robbed you of all during your long imprisonment, I have played the faithful steward and am returning you your estate increased nearly a hundred fold.'"

"Right," said Mr. Butterworth. "You are certainly Arthur Penfleet. But who is this man?"

"I," said the other, "am Old King Brady, the detective, in disguise."

"Ha! Let me look at you. Well, yes, upon my word, I believe that is who you are. But I heard you were dead."

"As you heard I was dead," put in Penfleet.

"I still live, however," said the old detective with a smile. "But now let me make a few additions to Mr. Penfleet's story."

And Old King Brady went on to tell all connected with the case which Penfleet had left untold.

"Ha! I see," said Mr. Butterworth. "You hit me as you did to try me. You were not quite sure that I was an honest man."

"It was done at my request, Mr. Butterworth. In the first place, I am a Secret Service man; next, in dealing with Old Foxy, I want you to understand that we are up against the slickest crook in New York. Lastly I have heard Mr. Penfleet's story and I believe him to be an innocent man. I propose to force the world to believe the same, if such a thing can be done."

"Well, Mr. Brady, you have a long record and a splendid reputation back of you. If you can't accomplish this I should say it was hardly worth while for Arthur to try anybody else at this late day."

"And you will represent Mr. Penfleet in this fight?"

"Willingly."

"Then let me say——"

"Wait! Probably you are not aware that this man Dela Tour has already exhibited a will purporting to be signed by Arthur and leaving him his entire estate."

"Wretch!" cried Penfleet, springing up. "Mr. Brady, you were right. Now we understand it all!"

"You never made such a will?" demanded the lawyer.

"Never!"

"Have you made any will?"

"No."

"Possibly when you were under the influence of morphine——"

"There's your weak point, Penfleet," said Old King Brady quietly. "You do not know. You cannot tell."

"Exactly," replied the lawyer. "You were always a fool, Arthur. You can't deny that."

"I should be a fool if I attempted to deny it to you," muttered the morphine fiend.

"But about this will," said Old King Brady. "Has it been offered for probate?"

"No. It was privately submitted to me for my opinion as to the genuineness of the signature yesterday."

"By whom?"

"A lawyer with whom I have no acquaintance."

"His name?"

"Wellford. I know nothing of him. Never heard of the man."

"Did he apply in person?"

"Yes; he called on me. He said that Dela Tour had retained him, and that as the man was a stranger to him

he had his doubts. He had heard that I was once Penfleet's attorney. He wanted to compare signatures and I allowed him to do so."

"And with what result?"

"With the result of convincing us both that the signature was genuine."

"It must be as you say that I signed it while under the influence of morphine," Penrose groaned.

"It can be easily headed off. Better make a new will at once," said the lawyer.

"Wise advice," added Old King Brady; "but just the same I fancy the other is a forgery. Remember Old Foxy is a man who has a reputation for forging signatures. It would be mere child's play for him to forge a will."

"If it really is Old Foxy who is back of this."

"Can you question it?"

"It is a lawyer's business to question everything, my dear sir."

"Oh, I know, but look here."

Old King Brady now produced the copy of the Rogue's Gallery photograph.

"And who is this supposed to be?" the lawyer asked.

"Old Foxy. Study it well."

And study it Mr. Butterworth did, long and earnestly.

"Well?" demanded Old King Brady when he laid it down at last.

"Well, sir," replied the lawyer, "I have always prided myself upon my ability to read faces and to identify them. I should say that in this case there could be no doubt that the man I talked with yesterday was Old Foxy in disguise."

Old King Brady was triumphant.

He felt well repaid for his two weeks of lying low.

"Now, we get him," he said. "It has ever been Old Foxy's game to pose as a respectable person. What is the record of this man Wellford—of course you looked in the law register to see if his name was there?"

"Yes. It is there. I can easily ascertain his record. Indeed I was intending to do so simply for my own satisfaction."

"Do it and we will see you to-morrow."

"When I will execute a new will naming you sole executor," added Penfleet.

"Wait," said Mr. Butterworth. "Allow me to call up the secretary of the Bar Association. We can settle this matter right now."

So the lawyer worked the telephone and after a little was able to report.

"Wellford is an old man who once owned considerable property," he answered. "He was never in active practice. Recently he met with heavy losses. Being a bachelor, he went to Goldfield to try his luck in mining. He has not been heard of since."

"We want someone who knew the man to identify this person who is posing under his name," said Old King Brady.

"But I will attend to that," he added. "If he calls again work him along."

"I certainly shall," replied Mr. Butterworth, "and I wish you every success."

The interview was over, and Old King Brady arose to depart.

As he started to leave the office Arthur Penfleet offered his hand to Mr. Butterworth.

The lawyer, however, affected not to see it.

"I wish you every success, Arthur," he said kindly. "There will be no one more ready to welcome you back to your proper position in the world than myself."

"He still believes me guilty," sighed Penfleet, when he and the old detective found themselves on Broadway.

"Clear my name, Mr. Brady, and there is nothing in this world——"

"That you can give me in return for the service," broke in Old King Brady; "but if incidentally it wins me success in my case against Old Foxy, that will be my pay."

CHAPTER VIII.

ALICE ARRESTED BY HARRY AND HERSELF.

There was a grand conference at the hotel later in the day.

It was decided to take up active work on the case the first thing the following morning.

To Old King Brady was assigned the part of watchman at Penfleet Manor.

Penfleet himself, who by the way positively declared that he knew of no secret rooms or underground passages in or about the old house, was to accompany him in disguise.

To Harry fell the task of shadowing the alleged lawyer, Wellford.

To Alice the more difficult part of playing confidence queen and making an effort to get next to Old Foxy.

Penfleet had supplied her with the weapon, which she proposed to wield.

Harry started out at nine o'clock and was on hand when along about half-past ten two men, in every way answering the lawyer and Thomas De la Tour, entered the office building on lower Broadway, where the former was supposed to hold out.

A long day's watch and shadowing seemed to lie ahead of Harry, the first part of which need not be particularly described.

At twelve Harry saw Alice turn up in a cab.

It seemed to him that she had never looked more beautiful and attractive.

"If she don't prove a winner I miss my guess," Young King Brady said to himself.

And, indeed, Alice's part was one which she was well calculated to play.

She was all ablaze with diamonds and her whole make-up indicated a woman equal to any emergency.

Entering the office, she was received by a female stenographer, who eyed her with ill-concealed contempt.

"Who did you wish to see?" she asked.

"Mr. Wellford. Is he in?" was the reply.

"What name?"

"Miss Cameron. Here is my card."

The card bore the name "Violet Cameron."

The stenographer handed it in and Alice was told to wait.

In about twenty minutes a man whom she took to be Dela Tour passed out of the private office.

Then a tall, stately-looking gentleman, with gray hair and a drooping gray mustache, stepped out, holding the card in his hand.

"You wished to see me?" he asked.

"I did if you are Mr. Wellford," replied Alice.

"I am Mr. Wellford. What is the nature of your business?"

"It is strictly private."

"Step this way."

Alice was conducted into a handsomely furnished private office and the door was closed.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you, miss," said Wellford. "As my time is somewhat valuable, I must request you to come down to business at once."

"But I know you, Mr. Tourbalat," replied Alice with her most engaging smile.

The old crook gave a slight start.

"What do you mean by thus addressing me?" he demanded.

"Business. I was sent here, or rather I called here on the recommendation of Big Jim Schultz. I presume you know who I mean."

Of course Old Foxy was right on his guard.

"I certainly did know a person who passed by that name," he said. "He was a noted gambler and shover of counterfeit money. I defended him in the courts. I lost the case and he went to Sing Sing."

"And you went with him," replied Alice calmly.

Old Foxy arose.

"This is absurd. You have mistaken your man!" he said. "Leave my office, I——"

"Wait," replied Alice. "If you are an old crook, then I'm another. You needn't be afraid of me. I saw Big Jim Schultz in London. He told me that probably you would be able to give me a job shoving the queer."

Old Foxy sat down.

For a few moments he looked at Alice fixedly.

"You certainly look as if you ought to be good for such business," he said slowly. "But if you had not made a mistake and I was really such a person as you take me to be, let me see, what is it? I am supposed to be a counterfeiter?"

"You are supposed to be the notorious Old Foxy," said Alice quietly.

"Oh, indeed! Well, if I really was this interesting individual I should say where is your proof that you are not a detective and really are the person you claim to be?"

"Detective! Nonsense. Proof! Well, I can describe Big Jim Schultz."

"Wait. It is not necessary for you to describe him. That person possessed one marked peculiarity. Name that and it will help."

"He was born with only three toes on the left foot."

"You certainly know him. Where was he last accounts?"

"I left him just starting for Egypt."

"I know he is abroad. Why did he not give you a letter of introduction?"

"I didn't ask it. I had no idea of calling on you when I left London three weeks ago."

"Then why come now?"

"Because I happened to see you in the street. I am about sailing for South America on business. It occurred to me that if I could buy a lot of queer cheap it would be a good chance to work it off."

"Whereabouts in South America?"

"Venezuela."

"When do you start?"

"Oh, I propose to go down on the next steamer with a party."

"How did you know me?"

"Entirely from Schultz's description."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Waldorf."

"You may hear from me later in the day; for the present let us consider this interview closed."

The manner of the old crook was so emphatic that Alice at once arose.

"You will miss a good thing if you miss me, that's all I've got to say," she remarked as she passed out of the room.

Old Foxy made no effort to detain her. He did not even bid her good day.

As Alice entered her cab she saw Harry lurking near and she made a secret sign to him, which said:

"Am puzzled. Going back to the hotel."

It would have been better if she had been a little more definite.

But Alice spoke as she thought.

Old Foxy had been true to his name.

The description of Big Jim Schultz she had received from Arthur Penfleet, of course.

The men had once been cellmates in Sing Sing.

As they had conceived a friendship for each other, they had since occasionally corresponded.

What Alice said of the old crook was the actual truth.

But did Old Foxy know the whereabouts of Big Jim Schultz?

That Alice herself did not know.

She could not tell whether she had succeeded or failed.

Once at the Waldorf, where she had taken rooms the day before, she settled down to see what was to come of her call on Old Foxy. But the day passed and nothing was heard of the wily old crook.

But Old Foxy was preparing to get in his fine work, and the way he went about it caused Alice some surprise.

Of course the Bradys are well-known at the Waldorf.

Alice's diamonds, which were real, she deposited in the office safe as soon as she returned to the hotel.

From that on she kept close to her room waiting to hear from the supposed Mr. Wellford.

At eight in the evening a letter was handed in.

It was signed by Wellford, and read as follows:

"Miss Cameron—Referring to the matter of the case on the property up in the Bronx about which you consulted me to-day, I would state that if you have the courage of your convictions you will wait upon the owner to-night and put it up to him.

"My carriage is at the door and in it you will find a gentleman and lady who will accompany you to the place.

"Now, then, this is the test. Take it or leave it as you please. Very truly yours,

T. Wellford."

Alice pondered over this note for fully five minutes. What did it mean?

She could not quite grasp Old Foxy's intent unless, indeed, he meant just what he said, and that this was to be the test.

"Perhaps the old crook expects to get my diamonds," she thought. "But he believes the Bradys dead, and I hardly think he imagines that I am a detective. Anyway, I must go. It's up to me."

The page was waiting for an answer.

"Say to the person who gave you this note that I will be right down," said Alice.

The page bowed and withdrew.

Alice now carefully prepared herself for the street.

Her detective's shield she had not brought with her. It would not come in her way to make arrests.

When she stepped off the elevator the page was awaiting her.

"This way," he said, and Alice was escorted to a handsome close carriage which certainly did look like a private turnout.

The door opened, revealing a man and a woman inside.

The man did not look at her; in fact, he kept his head turned the other way.

As for the woman, she was young and not bad-looking. Alice put her down at once for a crook.

"Miss Cameron?" she asked.

"I am Miss Cameron—yes."

Alice stood hesitating.

"Won't you get in? Mr. Wellford is ready to talk business. He wants to see you."

"Where?"

"It is not far from here."

"What guarantee can you give me that I am not going into trouble by going with you?"

"You will have to take your chances. We are taking them with you."

"But stop and think. I don't even know that you actually come from Mr. Wellford. Give me proof of that."

"Will you go if I do?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Wellford told me that you might ask it. I can tell you how many toes Big Jim Schultz has on his left foot."

"Tell it."

The woman named the number, and accurately.

Alice immediately got into the carriage.

The driver at once started East along Thirty-fourth street.

Still the man kept his head turned away.

"It's a beautiful evening," remarked the woman.

"Yes, very pleasant. But don't you think you better tell me where you are taking me? I don't like this being kept in the dark."

"Why, yes, I think we had," replied the woman. "Mr. Brady," she added, "you explain to Miss Cameron."

It was so unexpected that Alice was almost thrown off her guard.

For the man who turned on her was Harry without an effort to disguise.

He did not even give Alice a secret sign when he said:

"Miss Cameron, we are Secret Service officers. You are under arrest!"

Feeling that it was expected of her, Alice gave a slight scream and made as if she would open the door and spring out of the cab.

The young woman jumped up, and, catching her by the shoulders, held her fast.

Harry moved into the woman's place, and, grabbing Alice by the hands, dexterously slipped the handcuffs on.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Alice. "What have I done? You can't prove anything. I——"

"Stop," said Harry. "It means that I am Young King Brady, of the Brady Detective Bureau. This lady is Miss Montgomery, my partner. We are Secret Service people. You are arrested for attempting to arrange to shove the queer through Old Foxy, the slickest crook in New York. Now, then, you know all. What have you to say for yourself?"

Alice stared at the speaker in utter bewilderment.

"I must be mistaken," she thought. "This is some strange mix-up. It can't be Harry, after all."

CHAPTER IX.

OLD KING BRADY AND ARTHUR PENFLEET TACKLE THE MANOR HOUSE AGAIN.

Old King Brady chartered a tug and he and Arthur Penfleet went up to Cos Cob by water.

They did not start until nearly noon.

During the morning they called on Lawyer Butterworth again.

Here Penfleet made his will.

As he explained to Old King Brady, he had not a living relative so far as he was aware, and for this reason he bequeathed his entire fortune to various charities.

He named Mr. Butterworth as one executor and Old King Brady as the other.

The lawyer's manner was much as it had been the day before, perfectly civil, but not cordial.

It was understood that he was to keep a sharp lookout to see that the forged will was not slipped through the probate court within the next few days.

This accomplished, the old detective and Penfleet went aboard the tug.

And while they were steaming up the river and Sound Old King Brady tackled the unhappy man on the subject of the old murders at Penfleet Manor.

"Tell me all you know about it," he said.

"What I know amounts to nothing at all," replied Penfleet. "I may indeed have murdered my parents. If I did commit that dreadful crime, it was done while I was unconscious through drink."

He went on to talk about it, but he told such a rambling story that Old King Brady cut him short.

"There are just a few points I want to get at," he said. "Perhaps if I was to put certain questions to you we might more easily get at the point."

"Try it," replied Penfleet. "Anything to get at the real facts?"

"Has it ever seemed to you in your own mind that you may have committed this double crime?"

"Never. I have always felt the thing to be impossible."

"How long had you been drinking hard at the time of the murders?"

"I had been leading a life of dissipation for about five years."

"As I understood you, your father had cast you off?"

"Yes; he would have nothing to do with me. I seldom saw him. I had not been inside the house in two years."

"Who were your associates?"

"Gamblers and race track men."

"Did your father supply you with money?"

"From the time he disowned me he never gave me a cent. My mother occasionally sent me money, but it was very little."

"Then how did you live?"

"Anyhow. I was a capper for a faro bank. I sold tips on the races—all that sort of thing."

"Was your father a miser, Mr. Penfleet?"

"Practically he was. He was exceedingly close at all times. He had a foolish habit of keeping large sums of money about him. These he loaned on bond and mortgage. If a mortgage was paid off it would sometimes be several weeks before he deposited the money."

"And he a banker!"

"He was very eccentric."

"They say the shoemaker's wife goes barefoot. Here we have the banker neglecting to bank his cash. How much money was supposed to be in the house at the time of the murder?"

"A mortgage of twenty thousand had just been paid. It was believed that the money was in the house."

"Did you know of this payment?"

"As it happens I did."

"Did you speak to anyone about it?"

"Yes, I did. I mentioned it to a fellow named Ned Jarvis, to whom I used to sell racing tips. This told against me at the trial. It was believed by my lawyers that Jarvis did the murder. They tried every means to find him, but failed."

"Oh, he disappeared at the time of the murder?"

"Yes. He was never seen afterward. I was drinking with him that day. The last I remember we were drinking together in a saloon over in Long Island City, where the poolrooms ran openly then. The next I knew I was in the old house with people around me. I was under arrest, accused of murdering my parents."

"And you have no knowledge as to how you came there?"

"Not the least in the world."

"At what hour was this?"

"Six in the evening."

"And you lost consciousness when?"

"About ten o'clock that morning."

"Were your father and mother alone in the house that day?"

"Yes."

"How did that happen? Had they no servants?"

"They only kept two. Both were away on a picnic. They lived a very retired life."

"Who discovered the murder?"

"A grocer's boy who came to deliver goods."

"He saw you lying on the floor with the bloody axe beside you?"

"He so swore at the trial."

"Was he ever suspected?"

"No. He was a good boy and his movements that day were fully accounted for."

"Then he was closely questioned at the inquest?"

"I believe so. I don't think there is the slightest chance that he could have been guilty—never did."

"But you have suspected this Ned Jarvis?"

"Of course I have, Mr. Brady. How could I help it? I have always believed that he and others took me up there in a boat; that they murdered the old folks for the money I foolishly talked about and fixed up things so as to fasten the crime upon me."

"And I am strongly of the opinion that you are right. I wish I might have had the handling of the case when it was fresh."

"Too late for that now, Mr. Brady," replied Penfleet sadly. "It is all a matter of the long ago. I have no idea that you can do the least thing to clear my name at this late day."

"Wait. I am not through yet," replied Old King Brady. "Now let us analyze this man Jarvis a bit. Of course your memory about him is clear?"

"Perfectly clear."

"How old a person was he?"

"About my age."

"Married or single?"

"He claimed to be single."

"What was his business?"

"He was a salesman for Pierre Le Vie & Co., wine importers, on Beaver street."

"Indeed!"

"Did you know the firm? It is not in existence now."

"I knew it very well. Did you ever see this man Le Vie?"

"No. I never went there. Jarvis was a race track acquaintance. He sold wine on the outside. I used to meet him around a good deal, and finally we grew to be friends."

Old King Brady lit a cigar and passed one to Penfleet.

"Now I am going to surprise you," he said. "Who do you imagine this Pierre La Vie actually was?"

"Well, of course I can't guess."

"Old Foxy!"

"What?"

"It is as I tell you. His Beaver street wine business was only a cloak for his counterfeiting operations. I arrested him and put him through to Sing Sing a few years after your affair."

"Mr. Brady, this is wonderful! You give me hope. It may not be too late to prove me innocent yet."

"So I think. Now try and remember; was it the day of the murder that you told Jarvis that your father had money in the house?"

"It was two days before."

"How did you happen to know about it?"

"I knew the man who paid the mortgage. I met him in the street and he told me that he had squared up with my father."

"Did you actually know that the money was in the house or did you only imagine that it might be?"

"The last. Of course I did not actually know."

"One thing seems certain," said the old detective, "and that is the existence of secret rooms and passages at Penfleet Manor. Possibly Old Foxy may have known of this long ago. How long had your parents lived there?"

"Oh, not so long. About five years."

"Indeed! Is that all? I had the idea that it was an old family seat?"

"Oh, no. It was purchased by my father after he quit the banking business. It was only about five or six years."

"What family built the place?"

"Davenports."

"Of whom several branches were settled in that neighborhood. This grows interesting. Well, we shall see."

As the tug neared Cos Cob Old King Brady put a few finishing touches to Penfleet's disguise.

So well were they both made up, in fact, that no one could possibly have guessed their identity.

They ran in at the Cos Cob docks and here Old King Brady directed the captain to await their return, no matter how long they might be gone.

They then walked to the manor, a distance of about a mile.

As they approached the house they could discover no sign of life about it.

The old detective made a bluff of ringing and knocking, for they could not tell who might be watching.

There was no response from within, but there was presently a call from without.

"Hey, you! There's nobody in there!" someone called from up the broad driveway leading to the road.

"Pshaw!" growled Penfleet. "We shall have no chance to look along the rocks now, as you proposed."

A short man, very ragged and dirty, was coming down the drive.

He carried a fishing pole over his shoulder and a green basket upon his arm.

"Who is he?" asked the old detective.

"They call him Pop Flynn," replied Penfleet. "He's one of the characters about here. He never does anything but fish. I gave him leave to fish off my place and he has been in the habit of spending a good deal of his time here for a number of years."

"So?" said the old detective. "Well, it will give you a chance to test your disguise."

"I don't think I will speak. He might recognize my voice."

"Perhaps it will be best. However, I am not sorry the fellow is here. We may pick up some points from him."

Pop Flynn came shuffling on.

"Say, there hain't nobody living there," he called again.

"So you said," replied Old King Brady. "Whose place is this?"

"Belongs to Mr. Penfleet, but he's dead, I hear say."

"If he's dead then it don't belong to him. We were thinking of buying it. Is it for sale, do you know?"

"No, I dunno."

"Who has it in charge?"

"Dunno."

Evidently Pop Flynn was not a talker.

Old King Brady plied him with questions.

It was like pulling teeth to get the answers.

Pop Flynn never mentioned the murders.

The story of the sinking of the yacht had reached him.

He spoke well of Penfleet, saying that some folks didn't like him, but that he was always good to him, Pop Flynn, and that he always spoke of people as he found them, et cetera.

"I think we shall take a look inside if we can get in," said the old detective. "No objection, I suppose?"

"I hain't got nothin' to say about it," growled Pop.

"Did Mr. Penfleet have no servants? Don't you suppose that there is someone in there?"

"He never had no servants 'cept Sam, the nigger."

"And what has become of him?"

"Waal, that's what's puzzlin' folks. They can't find him. All the same, I seen him hangin' round here the other night as I was startin' for home. I hollered to him, but he run like a deer."

"Are you sure he was the same man?" demanded the old detective. "He might have been a tramp."

But Pop Flynn was quite sure. He knew Sam all right and this was Sam sure.

They let the old man go then, and he trudged on to the shore, taking up his station under the bluff where the oaks grew.

"He didn't seem to know me," remarked Penfleet.

"No; and I did not imagine he would," was the reply. "But come, let us go into the house."

"Do you propose to break in? That would be a give-away."

"I propose to go in as I went the other night. We will climb up by the vine if you are able."

"Oh, I think I can. It is more than I could have done two weeks ago, however."

It was with some difficulty that Penfleet got up to the roof of the piazza, but with the old detective's help he accomplished it.

"We shall tackle the cellar first," said Old King Brady.

"All right. I suppose you will think it a bit strange, but I never was there a dozen times in my life. I daresay it is all choked up with rubbish."

"It is a good deal so, certainly, and I don't care to disturb things much, but we shall see."

They went into the cellar and Old King Brady flashed his electric light about.

"It will be an all-day job to really make a scientific examination of these walls," he remarked.

"Do you propose to go at it?"

"I am thinking. Everything has to be moved and——"

"Hush!"

"Well!"

"There is somebody in the house. I can hear them moving about upstairs."

"Yes, yes. I hear. Down behind these boxes, quick!"

Shutting off the light, Old King Brady dropped behind a pile of boxes.

Arthur Penfleet crouched beside him.

A second later footsteps were heard descending the cellar stairs.

CHAPTER X.

HARRY AND ALICE GET RIGHT IN WITH OLD FOXY.

It was Harry in the cab.

Alice had made no mistake.

But as Alice happened to know that she was Alice, the other woman must necessarily have been someone else.

How it all came about must now be explained.

After Alice went away from the Broadway building in which "Wellford" had his offices, Harry still hung to the door.

After a little "Wellford" came out.

Old Foxy was well-dressed and well-groomed.

He looked like a gentleman, and it must have been a bold man who would have ventured to insinuate that he was anything else.

Harry fell in behind him as he started up Broadway.

Young King Brady was dressed like a seedy young sport.

Old Foxy turned down Rector street and pushed on till he came to West.

Harry naturally wondered where the old crook was heading for. He rather thought that it might be for the steam launch.

Just before he reached West street he ran into a man with whom he stopped to talk.

Instantly Young King Brady recognized him as a broken-down ex-ward detective who had some years ago been dismissed from the police force.

Harry passed the pair and slipped into the doorway of one of the shabby little tenements which are on this part of Rector street.

The backs of the two men were towards him, and fortunately for his purpose Harry was near enough to catch part of what was being said.

"Have you found me a man yet?" suddenly demanded Old Foxy, raising his voice.

"No."

"For heaven sake, get a move on. I need a man the worse kind of way. If you can only put me next to some slick young crook, I could use him right now to the very great advantage of us both."

Harry heard the ward man ask how, and then their voices dropped too low for him to catch any more of what was said.

Suddenly Old Foxy, with an abrupt "so-long," pulled away and hurried on.

Impelled by a sudden impression, Harry let the man pass him and still held the fort.

"He will probably go back to the office. I can pick him up later," he said to himself. "Meanwhile what if I could work myself into that job?"

He watched the wardman.

The fellow turned into the saloon on the corner of Washington street.

"It's a big risk, but I don't believe he will know me," thought Harry. "Here goes!"

He hurried to the saloon and went in.

The wardman was leaning on the bar talking with the dispenser of drinks.

Harry glanced at him carelessly at first and then with more appearance of interest.

"Why, isn't this Mr. Riordan?" he demanded, going towards him hand out.

"Me name's Riordan. Who are you?" demanded the fellow gruffly.

"Don't you remember me? Pete Stein? I knowed you

when you were on the police. S'pose you are doing the detective act still?"

"Naw! I'm out. I don't remember yer."

"Well, I know you all right. Say, Mr. Riordan, I'm clean down on my luck. Can't you put me next to something good?"

"What the deuce do yer mean? I dunno you from a crow."

"Oh, that's all right," said Harry, and he launched out on a mythical yarn of how they had met at the races and made it apparent that he was a crook and that the kind of job he wanted was such a one as would suit a person of that kind.

Suddenly Riordan seemed to grow interested.

"Say, seems to me I do remember yer now," he said. "Won't yer have something?"

Harry allowed himself to be treated to vile beer.

They talked further.

At last Riordan dragged him into the back room.

"Say," he began, confidently, "I believe I might put you next to a good t'ing if I could only trust you."

"Well, you can. What is it?"

"Dunno meself, but I can guess. Did yer ever do any queer shovin'?"

"Sure. Lots. I only wisht I could get a job in that line if the stuff is any good."

"You'll find it de best. Here, let me write you a note. Understand now, you must square dis t'ing wit me if any t'ing rich comes out of it."

"That's all right," said Harry, and there was further talk.

It ended in the ex-wardman scrawling a line to Thomas Wellbrook, No. — Broadway, introducing Pete Stein.

Young King Brady, in following his sudden impression, had won out.

Inwardly he was triumphant.

Now at last matters seemed to be satisfactorily working. As soon as he could shake Riordan Harry went directly to Old Foxy's office.

The typewriting young woman informed him that Mr. Wellbrook was out, but would be in soon.

While Harry waited Dela Tour came in.

He merely asked for Wellbrook, and upon being told that he was out, hurried away.

Presently in came Old Foxy.

Harry presented his letter and the old crook took him into the back office and questioned him closely.

Of course Young King Brady made himself out a pretty hard citizen.

He claimed to have had all sorts of experiences in the queer shoving line and to have done time in the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet on that account.

Old Foxy made no bones of his questions, but he was very careful not to commit himself in any way.

At last he cut it short and said:

"Well, young man, I do business with the sort of people we have been discussing, and perhaps I may be able to put you next to some of them; but now about another matter. How would you like to do a little job for me?"

"Anything, sir."

"You look like a bright fellow, and from the way you talk I judge you have had a fair education."

"Well, I have."

"The job is a peculiar one, and as it happens you are just about the sort of looking person who ought to be able to carry it out successfully. Did you ever hear of the Brady detectives? But of course you have."

It gave Harry a decided jolt.

He wondered if his face could have betrayed him.

Did Old Fox know him then?

"Yes, I know about them," he said. "Everybody does, of course."

"Sure. It is strange how much you look like Young King Brady. With a few easily made changes, you might pass for him."

"I don't know. I never saw him. What kind of a fellow is he?"

"I know but little about him. What I want is this: There is a certain woman stopping at the Waldorf with whom a client of mine wants to do business if he can be made sure that she is not a detective. What I want you to do is to prove that, and it must be done to-night."

"But how?"

"Listen. The Bradys have a female partner. Her name is Montgomery, I am told. Now I propose to introduce you to a woman who will personate this Miss Montgomery, while you are to personate Young King Brady—you follow me?"

"Yes. Go on."

"The woman will get the Waldorf woman to enter a cab, where you will be in waiting. Then once you are started, suddenly spring it upon her that you two are Secret Service people. Handcuff her; tell her that she is under arrest for shoving the queer."

"All right. And then?"

"That done, it will be up to you to decide whether she is a detective or not. If she is she will tell you, of course. If she is not, she will try to bribe you to set her free."

"I see."

"In either case bring her to where the woman with you directs. You will find me waiting, and I will decide what is to be done next."

"That all sounds easy. And I am to pretend to be Young King Brady? To come right out and say so?"

"Yes."

"I only see one objection."

"Name it."

"Of course these detectives are always hanging around the hotels. Suppose by any chance I should run into the real Young King Brady or this Miss What's-her-name?"

"The name is Montgomery, and you will do well not to forget it. There is no such chance. Let me tell you an open secret. The Bradys are dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes. Both partners and Miss Montgomery also were drowned by the sinking of a yacht some three weeks ago."

"Oh, in that case, it's all right."

"It was all in the papers at the time."

"I didn't know. I was in Chicago three weeks ago."

"Well, is it a go?"

"Sure. I am willing to try it; but where do I come in?"

"We'll settle that later. If you turn this trick to my satisfaction I will make a definite arrangement with you."

"In what line?"

"We shall see."

Harry rang off then.

He felt satisfied that he had perfectly hoodwinked the slick old crook and that the man, moreover, actually believed the Bradys to be dead.

Old Foxy then got down to details.

He took Harry to a large clothing store and bought him a complete outfit.

He provided him with a shield, which was a very close copy of those used by the Secret Service men.

This done, he told him to come to a certain hotel on Fourth avenue at six o'clock, when he would introduce him to the young woman who was to assist him in the part he had to play.

Harry went, of course.

Old Foxy introduced him to a rather attractive-looking person whom he called Jennie Burns.

And thus it happened that Harry and Alice met in the cab.

Of course Harry inwardly enjoyed Alice's surprise.

He might have given her a secret sign, which would have set matters right in a moment, but he preferred to let her puzzle her brains over the situation a bit.

So now that he had her handcuffed, he resumed his seat and remained silent.

Then Miss Burns began.

It had been arranged between her and Harry that she should do the talking at the start.

"Well, Miss Cameron, what have you to say for yourself?" she demanded.

Now this was just the question Alice was not prepared to answer, although she would not have hesitated an instant under ordinary circumstances.

She turned on the woman with a slight smile and said:

"If Mr. Wellford put you on to me, I refer you to him."

"Wellford had nothing to do with it. We have been watching you for a week. We know what we know, Miss Cameron. You want to talk up. We shall soon be at the station-house to which I am taking you for the night. To-morrow it will be the Secret Service Commissioner. Then it will be all too late."

"I see. You are to be bought off, my dear?"

Miss Burns shrugged her shoulders.

"We are not in the detective business for our health, are we, Brady?" she remarked.

"I should say not," growled Harry.

"The trouble with me is," said Alice, "that I am short of cash just at the present time."

"Cash talks," replied Miss Burns.

"When I saw you come out of Wellford's office this morning you had some pretty sightly diamonds on," said Harry. "Phony, or the real goods?"

Alice appeared to jump at the chance.

"Phony nothing," she said contemptuously.

"Got those still?"

"Sure."

"Well, I guess that sunburst pin would about settle for the trouble we have had."

"Very well," said Alice quietly. "you take off these bracelets and drive me back to the Waldorf. The sun-

burst is yours, providing you will take it in the presence of a witness. I stand for no tricks."

Harry laughed.

"I think she'll do?" he remarked to Miss Burns.

"Sure thing," replied the woman.

"Shall I let her go?"

"Yes."

Harry removed the handcuffs.

"It's all right, Miss Cameron," he said. "We were only putting you to the test. We are no more Secret Service detectives than you are. Mr. Wellford wants to see you to-night. Stick right with us. That's where we are going now."

It was a great relief.

Miss Burns now began to talk freely to Alice.

She asked her a lot of questions, making no bones of telling her that she was a professional shover of the queer.

It appeared that she had been brought East from California to assist in some big scheme for putting out a lot of counterfeit money in bulk.

Harry said little, but sat by and let them talk.

The cab landed them at the corner of First avenue and Thirtieth street.

Here they walked to the wharf at the foot of the street, and there they found the steam launch which the Bradys had seen at Penfleet Manor waiting for them.

In it was Old Foxy, roughly dressed, and also one other man, who was not Dela Tour.

"Well, boss, here we are," Harry called down.

"So I see," replied the old crook. "What's the word?"

"The word is that it's all right."

"Good enough! Glad of it. Miss Cameron, excuse me for any trouble I may have been obliged to put you to, but if we are to do business it has to be done my way. Are you willing to run up to my workshop with me to-night?"

"Certainly," replied Alice. "That is understood."

"Very well. Come down the ladder and get in; Jennie, you, too. Pete, you remain where you are. I want to speak to you."

So Alice and the Burns woman went aboard the launch.

Old Foxy came ashore and in a low voice closely questioned Harry as to what had occurred.

"It looks all right," he said. "As for the diamonds, they are real and I'll bank on it. We run her up to my place and there she'll be put to another test. If she stands it she's one of us; if not, she will never leave the place alive."

Old Foxy gave Harry a searching look as he said this, but Young King Brady never turned a hair.

They then boarded the launch and steamed away up the river.

CHAPTER XI.

OLD KING BRADY UNEARTHS OLD FOXY'S PLANT.

It was written in the book of fate that Old King Brady's work was in a way to be made easy for him that night.

As he and Arthur Penfleet remained watching behind

the boxes they saw a young colored man carrying a bag and a big basket come down into the cellar.

Penfleet pinched Old King Brady's arm as much as to say, "that's Sam," but did not speak.

The fellow dropped his bag on the floor and set down the basket.

"Mah good gollies, but dey's powerful heavy," he muttered. "Specs I'll done have to strike for higher pay ef I'se gotter tote stuff about like dis yere every day."

He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his head.

"All I could do to dodge Pop Flynn, too," he growled. "Specs de boss will have ter find some way to chase dat ar lone fisherman ef we'se gwinter do business here."

He reached to a beam overhead and took down a lantern, which he lighted.

Then going over to one corner of the cellar, he moved away several barrels.

Peering out from behind his concealment, Old King Brady saw him pull up a trapdoor.

This was a downright piece of good luck, and the old detective proceeded to avail himself of it.

He drew a revolver and motioned to Penfleet to do the same.

Then, as the darky returned for his bag and basket, they jumped out on him.

The fellow with a dismal yell dropped on his knees.

"Oh, mah good gollies, Mass' Arthur, I never did go fer to 'sert yo'!" he cried. "Dey done tole me yo' were dead, an' dat am de trufe, an' heah yo' be all alive!"

"And here is one who knows me when others have failed to recognize me," said Penfleet in surprise.

"And you wonder why?" said Old King Brady quietly. "Put your hand up to your head and you will find the answer there."

Penfleet clapped his hand to his head.

He had removed his hat when he crouched behind the boxes.

The wig which he had been wearing came off with it, and here was his white hair all exposed.

"It is of no consequence," said the old detective. "Boy, put up your hands. Mr. Penfleet, shoot this rascal as you would a dog if he dares to make a move. I suppose we are dealing with Sam?"

"Yes; he is Sam," replied Penfleet, sadly. "I thought he was the one person in all the world who was my friend."

"Money don't make friends of his kind. Old Foxy or Dela Tour overbid you and got him, that's all."

He flashed his shield.

"You see, I am a detective," he said. "Work with Mr. Penfleet and myself and you may slip out of this trouble. Move against us and it's Sing Sing for yours."

Sam began to talk and protest, but Old King Brady cut him short.

"Speak when you are spoken to," he said. "I'm going to search you now. Beware!"

He went through the fellow's clothes in a way which drew admiring comment from Penfleet.

"You certainly are an expert, Mr. Brady," he said.

"I would as soon that you had not mentioned my name," replied the old detective, "but now it can't be

helped. Boy, do you happen to have heard of Old King Brady?"

"Suah!" cried Sam. "Yo' be him?"

"That's me."

No firearms were found upon the fellow, but Old King Brady took a razor away from him. It was the only weapon he had.

He then examined the bag and the basket.

They contained provisions only.

Sam watched it all with an expression of dull despair.

"Put on your wig and question this fellow," said Old King Brady then.

Penfleet went at it.

"Well, Sam, so you have betrayed me," he said. "To whom did you sell me out? Dela Tour?"

"Answer truly if you have any hope of escape," added the old detective sternly. "Do you hear?"

"I'se gwinter," mumbled Sam. "Yes, it was Mistah Dela Tour."

"He told you I was dead?"

"Yes."

"What lies below that trap?" demanded the old detective. "A cave?"

"Yes."

"Anybody there?"

"Dunno. Hain't ben dere since yesterday. Dey'se expected to-night, dough, an' I was told to be on hand."

"I see. Lead the way, Sam. It's a ball in the back for yours if we get into trouble. Pick up your basket and bag and go on."

The darky sullenly obeyed.

Old King Brady took the lantern and flashed it down through the trap.

Here there was a ladder, and when they followed Sam down they found themselves in a small sub-cellar.

From one side opened an iron door.

Old King Brady tried the door, finding it fast.

"Open it," he ordered.

And Sam's action then showed the old detective that he had nothing to fear from the fellow.

For the darky stooped down, and scraping over the earth in a certain place, produced a key, the knowledge of which he might have denied.

With this he opened the door, revealing a passage behind.

It happened to be a construction of great age.

Originally it had been bricked up on the sides, but the bricks had fallen in many places, partially blocking the way.

"And this leads to the cave?" said Old King Brady.

"Yes," replied Sam. "Shall I go ahead, boss, an' see if dey's dar!"

"Don't dream of it. How do you get out at the other end? Through the rocks under the cliff?"

"Yes, boss."

"You know the secret?"

"Yes, boss."

"What are they doing in here, making counterfeit money?"

"Dunno, boss. Dey hain't made nuffin' yet, but dey'se gettin' ready to begin."

They pushed on through the passage and soon came to another door.

This was not fastened, and opening it they entered a large room constructed of rough boards, which in many places had crumbled away.

Scattered about were a few boxes and the remains of larger cases. Old King Brady saw that everything was very old.

Sam opened another door and they passed into a sizeable cave.

On one side several small rooms had been boarded off. Apparently they were intended for storage of various sorts of goods.

On the other side in the open were things more interesting to the old detective.

There was a long bench which had been set up and bolted to the rock.

There was a little dynamo and some coils of wire, showing that it was intended to light the place by electricity.

Also an engraver's press, pigs of lead and others of silver, a small furnace partly set up and other things.

Altogether it was as pretty a little counterfeiter's plant in process of preparation as the old detective had seen in many a day.

"You see, Mr. Penfleet," he remarked, waving his lantern about. "The mystery is solved. Old Foxy has been preparing to set up a workshop here. Nice scheme! They get rid of you, forge a will, try to scoop in your millions and then they would have had everything their own way. Doubtless they would have restored the manor and grounds and have lived like gentlemen. They might have run for years and never have been suspected. It is all as plain as day. But bust ahead, Sam. Show us the exit on the shore."

They had not far to go before they came to the wall of the cave.

Sam showed them a big slab of stone held by a rusted chain with heavy iron bars as additional security, all very old.

Old King Brady undid the fastenings and pushed the thing back.

The whole slab moved upon new blind hinges, which had recently been put into place, and they found themselves looking off on the Sound.

"Don't forget Pop Flynn," said Penfleet.

"I am not forgetting him," replied the old detective, and he immediately closed the door.

"Sam," he said, "when are they coming?"

"Between ten and eleven, boss."

"You were to let them in here?"

"Yes, boss, when de ole man whistles."

"What's your job?"

"Oh, any old t'ing. I'se de on'y man dey got."

"Very well. Now, Sam, it becomes my painful duty to tie you up and keep you a prisoner for a while. Be good and I am going to let you out of this easy. We shall want someone to do a little talking and you shall be the man."

Sam raised no objections.

They tied his hands and took him upstairs.

"Upon my word, this is a great state of affairs," said Penfleet. "What are we to do with this man?"

"Lock him in one of the rooms upstairs. He will be safe enough there."

They chose a room in the attic, where Sam's feet were also tied, and he was thrown upon an old bed and the door locked upon him.

"And now?" said Penfleet when they returned downstairs.

"And now we wait for the enemy," replied Old King Brady. "When he comes he will find us ready to receive him, and it would not surprise me at all if one or perhaps both my partners were with him."

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

The sail up the Sound would have been pleasant enough but for the fact that they found the launch rather close quarters.

Old Foxy devoted himself to Alice.

The number of questions he put to her was tremendous.

More than once Harry grew worried over the result, but Alice parried them every time.

At last, at about half-past ten, they drew near Cos Cob.

"You are to go right back, Hasslemann," said Old Foxy to the engineer, who had not spoken a word during the entire trip.

"All right, boss," was the reply.

"And you, Jennie, are to go with him," added the old crook.

"Hello!" cried the Burns woman. "What's that for? Thought I was to be introduced to the plant to-night?"

"That was the arrangement—it is changed."

"But why?"

"Because I chose to change it. Because you have made yourself a shade too fresh, if you want to know."

Harry thought it was to be his turn next.

The Burns woman started to protest, but Old Foxy gruffly ordered her to hold her tongue.

"I'll see you to-morrow," he said. "Meantime you go back to the hotel."

They drew near the foot of the Penfleet grounds.

"Land us here," said Old Foxy suddenly.

The landing was made and the launch steamed away.

"I shook that woman for your sake, Miss Cameron," said Old Foxy. "She talks too much. I fancy you and I can fill the bill on that score to-night. Come, now, and I will show you my plant. Help I have to have, and I believe you two are going to prove just the sort I want."

He led the way along the shore.

Arrived under the low cliff, Old Foxy paused.

"Behind these rocks lies my holdout," he said, "and thereby hangs a tale. Years ago my parents came to this country from France and settled in New Rochelle. I was then a mere lad, and I was put to work for an old man named Davenport, who lived in a big house close by here. One day while cleaning up his cellar I unearthed a trap-door which proved to communicate with a cave under these rocks, which ages ago—away back at the beginning of the last century, probably—had been fitted up as a smugglers' den. I penetrated to the place and told my master about it. He made me swear not to tell anyone, and I never did while I remained with him. Two years later I returned to France, but I never forgot the cave, and in

after years I had occasion to visit it. Now I am about to locate there. That it is in every way adapted to my business you will soon see."

He paused at a place where the rocks were much broken and putting his fingers in his mouth gave a peculiar whistle.

Now Alice got the secret sign.

"Cover him! We arrest him before his confederate comes!" the rapid finger talk said.

The old crook's back was turned, when suddenly Harry sprang upon him.

"We are detectives. You are under arrest. Resist and you die!" he exclaimed.

Harry threw him back against the rocks, while Alice held him covered with her revolver.

In a twinkling Harry had him foul and his hands tied.

Such another torrent of foul abuse Young King Brady never heard.

It was still in progress when a slab of rock swung outward, and there stood Old King Brady in his usual dress, with Arthur Penfleet, not disguised, behind him.

"Heavens and earth!" gasped the old crook. "Not dead! Am I up against the Bradys, then?"

"As you see!" replied the old detective.

They hurried the old crook into the cave.

"Where are the plates?" demanded Old King Brady. "We have you hard and fast, Tourbalat. You know me. This is not our first meeting. Make it easy for me and I will go as light on you as I can."

"Never! You will get not one word out of me," growled Old Foxy, and he did not speak again.

"How did you get him? What do you know?" demanded Old King Brady, giving it up at last.

Harry explained what he and Alice had done.

"Search him, Harry. We may find something on him to give us the clew."

The search was made, but nothing of that sort was found.

Again the old detective used his best efforts to make the old crook talk, but failing in that they took him up into the house, and tying his legs as well as his arms, tumbled him on the floor of a large closet behind the main staircase, where there was a little stained glass window almost up to the ceiling.

Here they locked him in and once more returned to the cave.

"And now," said Old King Brady, "we have Old Foxy, but the game is only half over. I have been all over this place, Harry, but I can't find the plates. Take hold and see what you can do."

"What about those boxes and old traps in the smugglers' room?" remarked Penfleet. "We haven't looked there."

"Well, really," replied Old King Brady, "it had not occurred to me as being worth while. The whole outfit there seemed to me to belong to the past, but it can certainly do no harm to have a look while Harry and Alice are working here."

So Old King Brady and Penfleet went into the smugglers' room and began to pull things about.

"What's this?" exclaimed Old King Brady, turning over one of the ancient packing cases. "Here is a box

underneath here which appears to be more modern; in fact, quite new. Hello! It is marked T. Wellford, No. — Broadway. Mr. Penfleet, this begins to look like business."

The box was securely nailed, and being but a small affair Old King Brady picked it up and carried it into the cave.

"Got it, Mr. B?" cried Alice.

"Don't know, but we shall soon see," replied Old King Brady, picking up a hammer and cold-chisel which lay on the bench with other tools.

With these he easily pried open the lid.

"Well, we get there, it seems!" cried Old King Brady.

Sure enough, within the box were the plates of a five and ten-dollar counterfeit greenback.

One glance at them told Old King Brady that they were the identical plates which the Secret Service people were so anxious to find.

In the bottom of the box was a bunch of letters.

Old King Brady ran them over hurriedly.

All were addressed to Pierre Dela Vie.

"Some of his old correspondence when he was in the wine business," he said. "Wonder where he had this box stowed away while he was in Sing Sing? Ha! What have we here? Mr. Penfleet, this may interest you."

It was a plain envelope across which had been scrawled "Jarvis's confession."

Old King Brady pulled out the paper within the envelope and read as follows:

"I hereby confess that I am the murderer of John Penfleet and his wife, who were killed at Penfleet Manor, Cos Cob, on the day of —, 18—. I murdered the old couple for their money, which I got. Thomas Penfleet, their son, who was brought to the house drugged by me, is entirely innocent. I had two confederates whom I do not name, but I did the killing with my own hands.

"Edward Jarvis."

"It is. I can swear to it," replied Penfleet. "But why did he ever write such a document?"

"Probably Old Foxy made him and held it as a club over him for reasons of his own," the old detective replied.

"Whatever became of the fellow, do you know?"

"I haven't the most remote idea. But what can I do——"

"Let Mr. Butterworth decide. We are through here. Now to get our important prisoner to New York. Your man Sam goes with us. We must hold him for the time being at all events."

They returned upstairs.

"Open that closet door, Alice," said Old King Brady.

"I will put the box on the parlor table. Here is the key."

An instant later they heard her sharply exclaim.

The Bradys, called by Alice, came running in.

In some way the old crook managed to free himself and had climbed upon the window sill, making holes in the plaster for steps.

In another second he would have broken the glass and have made his escape.

But three revolvers covered him on the instant.

"Come down, Old Foxy! We have you foul!" cried Old King Brady. "It's death to stay there and sure death to make another move!"

With a sullen snarl, the old crook dropped to the floor. "You win," he growled. "No matter, you'll never find those plates."

Old King Brady laughed.

"We win there, too," he said. "Your day is all over, my friend. We have already found the plates."

This time Old Foxy got the handcuffs.

The Bradys safely landed their two prisoners in New York and they wound up in the Tombs.

Next morning Dela Tour was captured at Old Foxy's office, into which he came unsuspectingly.

The Burns woman was captured at the Fourth avenue hotel and proved to be a well-known Western shover of the queer, whom the Secret Service people were very glad to get.

Later in the day the launch man was arrested.

At "Mr. Wellford's" lodgings various incriminating documents were found, and in his office safe a large stock of the queer.

And so the Bradys succeeded in winding up the case in fine style.

Mr. Butterworth was much moved when Old King Brady and Arthur Penfleet called upon him and the latter showed him Ned Jarvis's confession.

"Arthur, my boy, I have deeply wronged you," the lawyer said. "If there is anything in the world I can do to right you before the world it shall be done."

After much consultation the reporters were called in and the confession shown them.

Again the Penfleet murders were rehashed.

A few letters from old friends came Arthur Penfleet's way, but everybody had forgotten him, and that was all.

A little later the unfortunate man went abroad, where he still remains, entirely cured of his morphine habit and content to live away from the scene of his many troubles.

To the Bradys he was most liberal in the way of reward.

Old Foxy, Dela Tour and the Burns woman went to Sing Sing on long terms.

Old Foxy proved the same stubborn, silent prisoner as before.

He told Old King Brady that Ned Jarvis was dead, however, and there never seemed any good reason to doubt his word.

Sam, the darky, and the launch man, serving as witnesses at the trial, went free.

If there were any others in the gang the detectives failed to learn the fact, and such was the wind-up of the case of "The Bradys and 'Old Foxy.'"

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE FAN TAN PLAYERS: OR, IN THE SECRET DENS OF CHINA-TOWN," which will be the next number (448) of "Secret Service."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

SECRET SERVICE

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16, 1907.

Terms to Subscribers.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Single Copies..... | .05 Cents |
| One Copy Three Months..... | .65 " |
| One Copy Six Months..... | \$1.25 |
| One Copy One Year..... | 2.50 |

Postage Free.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Sq., New York.

ITEMS WORTH READING.

The famous cave used by Lord Cornwallis and his aids for their meeting just before the battle of Yorktown and his surrender is still carefully preserved. It has changed little, if at all, in a century and a half, either as regards its entrance or the general appearance of the interior. It was here that Lord Cornwallis met his officers to hold the long and anxious meeting before the battle. The entrance to the cave at that time, as it is to-day, was very well concealed, as the photographs clearly indicate. Interest in the famous retreat has been revived by the Jamestown Exposition, which has risen only a few miles away. During the coming summer the cave will doubtless be visited by tens of thousands of sightseers.

Coventry is the industrious apprentice among English cities. When an ill wind blew upon one enterprise the citizens gayly turned to another. In the time of that Leofric who, for love of Godiva, made "Coventre toll free," bonnets and caps of cloth were the staple. By the sixteenth century vast quantities of blue thread were being turned out, of such sterling quality that all England was familiar with the phrase "as true as Coventry blue." Then came, in the eighteenth century, ribands and the dainty fabrics of women's wear. Now she makes sterner stuff, and keeps abreast of the age with sewing machines, cycles, and motor cars. A century ago Godiva's city had barely 10,000 inhabitants; any one "sent to Coventry" to-day will find 70,000 companions.

The abolishment of many "line houses" on the boundary of Vermont and Quebec will be accomplished by the survey now making by a boundary commission representing the United States and Canada. The "line houses," as they are known from the fact that they are directly on the line dividing the United States and Canada, were at one time the source of much trouble to revenue officers on both sides of the border. Smugglers made their headquarters in them, and it was difficult to apprehend the men, as they had only to transfer the contraband goods from one side of the house to the other in order to cross the line. The surveyors are sinking concrete blocks into the ground with staffs and banners attached to show clearly the revised survey.

Everybody, of course, is well acquainted with that old nursery rhyme, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," but those who are also familiar with its allegorical significance are perhaps not so numerous. The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, and the top crust is the sky. The opening of the pie is the dawn of day, when the birds begin to sing (the sight is surely fit for any king). The king is the sun, and the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts are the golden sunshine. The Queen sitting in the dark kitchen is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. The maid at work in the garden, before her king, the sun, has

risen is the morning twilight, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The bird that brings a tragic end to the song by "nipping off her nose" is the sunset.

Among the various interesting devices employed to record cable messages is an invention of Ader, a French electrician. In this case a fine wire is stretched vertically between the poles of a powerful electromagnet, and the currents from the cable passing through the wire cause it to be deflected according to their direction, now toward the north and now toward the south pole of the magnet. The shadow of the wire, projected across a narrow slit, falls as a black spot upon a strip of photographic paper, which is caused to travel at a fixed rate. After a message has been received, the photographic trace of the moving shadow is automatically developed, and becomes, as it were, the handwriting of the instrument, which can be read at leisure. A speed of seventy words in a minute has been attained with this recorder between Marseilles and Algiers.

An official of the Congressional Library was talking with a friend who recently had purchased a handsome set of leather-bound volumes, and said: "You had better examine those volumes carefully to see if the leather needs feeding. If it is new stock, they will be all right let alone for several years; but if they have been on the shelves for some time, the leather will have lost most of its natural oil and become brittle. This applies especially to books kept in private houses, which are as a rule much hotter than the book stacks of a large library. There is nothing more attractive than a fresh, well-preserved leather binding on a volume, and scarcely anything less so than a dilapidated, cracked one. You can add years to the life of a leather binding by rubbing in a little vaseline with a piece of raw cotton—not too much—just as much as the leather will thoroughly absorb. Where the binding bends is where it is most likely to crack. The leather will not be greasy, as the vaseline will be absorbed. One treatment every year or two is sufficient, unless the books are unduly exposed to heat."

WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite. She (encouragingly)—Well, Mr. Duffer, there are plenty of bright, intelligent girls in the neighborhood.

Miss Koy—In discussing the "galaxy of beauty" at the ball the other night Mr. Grafton paid me quite a compliment. Miss Speitz—The idea! That's so unlike him. I never before heard of his paying anything before it's due.

First Summer Girl—Who is that clean-shaven, handsome boy? Second Summer Girl—Oh, he's an actor. First Summer Girl—No; I mean the other one. Second Summer Girl—Oh, he hasn't any money, either.

Definitions.—Good—We. Bad—They. Right—What we do. Wrong—What they do. Salary—Our wages. Wages—Their salary. Reputation—That which one is unable to live up to. Income—That which one is unable to live down to. Revolution—An event in politics of which one rejoices at being the daughter, but ashamed to be the mother.

The late Andrew J. Dam, a well known hotel man of New York, was at the time of the Civil War proprietor of a hotel in New Bedford. A number of colored citizens interested in the formation of a military company called upon him and informed him that they would be glad to form the company and allow him to suggest the name, provided he would pay for the equipments. "Congressman T. D. Elliott has fitted out a company of white men, and throughout the war they will be known as the Elliott Light Guards," said the spokesman of the colored men. "Well," said Dam, "if I am to equip and organize this colored company, I shall insist that they be known as the Dam Black Guards." The company was never organized.

ONE CLEVER CAPTURE.

By JOHN SHERMAN.

"You must go down to Clendyke and see what you can make of this affair," said Superintendent Sharpe, of the London detective force, to me. "This is the work of the same clever gang who walked off with Lady Woodley's jewels, while she, her husband and friends were sitting cozily at an entertainment. Great Cæsar! the rascals have made a fine haul of it this time."

There was no doubt about it. Clendyke Grange, the residence of Colonel Grendon, had been "cracked" in the most audacious manner.

It appeared that the colonel and his wife had left the Grange early after dinner to patronize a village concert for the benefit of some local charity. No sooner were they out of the house than the thieves set to work. They started operations by securing the doors with hooks and strong cords, and having borrowed a ladder, conveniently left at an empty building undergoing repairs, they skipped lightly into Mrs. Grendon's dressing-room and helped themselves to jewelry to the value of several thousand pounds.

Of course there was no proper safe, and the keys of sundry cabinets, now containing nothing but emptiness, had been left about in the hurry of dressing. That was so old a story that I was not in the least surprised to hear it.

Mrs. Grendon had not been married more than three months, and as usual her wedding presents had been duly advertised in every fashionable newspaper. Thieves laugh in their sleeves when they read these glowing accounts, and well they may. It is simply putting their cunning to the test, and in many instances they have much the best of the bargain.

Clendyke was one of those many outlandish places boasting of but one constable, and he afflicted with a beat of some miles.

The moment that Superintendent Sharpe put the job into my hands I set my head to work as to the best disguise to assume, and I determined upon putting up at an hotel in a market town near to Clendyke as a commercial traveler.

So off I started, cigar in mouth, rug over arm, and no end of dummy samples. I scarcely hoped for success, as the thieves had already twelve hours' start; but as no strangers had been noticed at Clendyke's railway station, I concluded that the "gentlemen" I was in search of had either reached London by the road or were still hiding in the neighborhood.

Now, burglars generally act in accordance with instructions given by the "fence"—that is to say, the man who receives and disposes of the stolen goods. The police are watched like mice.

Among the valuables stolen from Clendyke Grange was a crocodile-skin purse, containing three ten-pound notes, the numbers of which were known. It was a blustering day early in February when I left L— street station. A pair of spectacles and a respirator added to my disguise, and gave me the appearance of a middle-aged representative of a highly respectable firm, and in the habit of taking every care of myself. The official who sounds a bell for the main line trains to start did not recognize me, although I had known him for years, and I was satisfied that my "get up" would fail to attract the attention of anybody on the lookout.

To keep up my character I made no end of fuss with the porters about my packages, counting and recounting them, and then having taken a snip of brandy in the refreshment room, and fortifying myself with a small flask filled with the same fluid for the long, cold journey, I took my seat in a second-class compartment, and unfolding a newspaper, pretended to read, but all the time I had my eye on the platform.

Up to the moment of the bell ringing I was the sole occupant of the compartment; but just as the engine gave an ear-splitting shriek in response to the guard's whistle the door opened, in flew a buff-colored portmanteau, and in bounced a short, stout, fussy man.

"I hope I did not alarm you," said he, unslinging a black ratchet from his shoulders and pitching it into a corner and winding a rug round his knees. "A fool of a porter sent me

to the wrong platform, and I only caught the train by the skin of my teeth. Bless me, I never thought I should live to be so out of breath.

I assured him that his appearance had been so sudden that I had had no time for apprehension on his account or on my own, and then we began to chat about ordinary topics.

I soon discovered that my fellow-passenger was an ardent lover of sport. He seemed to be well versed in the pedigree of every notable greyhound, and as to horses, he had the names and performances of the racing tracks at the end of his fingers. Racing was not in my line, but I held my own fairly well in this instance.

"Some people who arrogate to themselves that they are the essence of respectability would not care to sit in company of Dick Wedge—that's me," said my communicative friend. "I am a bookmaker, and not ashamed to own it. Look at your Stock Exchange. What goes on there but gambling?"

"You must not be too hard on trade," I rejoined, "because I am a commercial man traveling for a large drapery firm. I dare say you have heard of Hensum & Spence?"

"Heard of them? Of course I have," responded Mr. Wedge. "Well, I'll not give in and eat my words. My calling is run down because fools ruin themselves now and then on the turf. Mine is a legitimate business. I run the risk of losing money, as I do, as well as making it. Would people pity me if I was cleared out and ruined? Would people say, 'Look at that poor man and see what he has brought himself to.' Bah! not a bit of it. They would say, 'We've got old Wedge's money and jolly well mean to keep it.'"

Mr. Wedge began to interest me. He was so open-minded and ingenious that I took a strong fancy to him, and asked him to share my flask of brandy. Mock modesty was not one of his weaknesses, and he made no bones about helping himself, which he did freely, and then asked me whither I was bound. I told him to Ganningtree, and he seemed delighted, for he was going there, too.

"There's a race-meeting there to-morrow," he said, "and I am going to see if I can pick up a crust. The country folk follow certain horses, but amateur jockeys often come coppers, and therein lies my chance. My clerk and my son, a fine young fellow, meet me to-night at the White Hart."

"My destination," I remarked.

"Then we shall see something of you," cried Mr. Wedge, positively beaming with smiles. "I suppose you know Ganningtree very well?"

"I must confess I do not," I replied. "I am working this round for one of our men who is unwell."

"Oh, well, you'll not be sorry to get away. Ganningtree is a miserable hole. It's not far from Clendyke, which the papers are full about to-day. A clever piece of work that!"

"Rather too clever for the police to unravel, I should say."

"Metal in the melting pot, stones snipped out of their settings and sold to the Jews, eh?" Mr. Wedge laughed and rubbed his hands as if the idea tickled him immensely. "Not long ago," he continued, "I was passing through a certain street in London, and to my amazement I saw men selling diamonds as openly as costermongers sell cabbages on Saturday nights."

"I know the thoroughfare you allude to," I said, "and I have often wondered that the diamond merchants, as I suppose they call themselves, are not upset and robbed; they seem to have no especial protection from the police."

"They don't want it. You see, or—or—so I should suppose, they know the shady characters, and may have dealings with them."

"That is a bold assertion," I said.

"But a natural one," Mr. Wedge rejoined. "Now, suppose your parcels contained gems instead of patterns, would you feel quite so easy in your mind?"

"I confess I should not."

"You would not stand in the open street and pour them out into your hand."

"Certainly not."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Wedge, warming to his subject. "I stick to the idea that these men, sleek, fat, and well-to-do as they are, have no terror for thieves, or they would not

strut about with jewels to the value of thousands of pounds in their pockets. Any further news about the burglary?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," I replied, handing him the paper. "The Press seems to be of the opinion that the burglars reached London by midnight and have already disposed of the booty."

"The Press takes just a little too much on its shoulders," said Mr. Wedge. "No sooner is a great crime committed than the papers are full of rumors which confuse the police and hamper their movements."

I agreed with him in the manner of a man who gave way to superior reasoning, and so the train sped on, until the spire of Ganningtree church rose out of the murky distance.

"There's the course," said he, pointing out of the window.

"Everything looks uninviting enough," I replied. "I should think it an excellent place for colds and chills."

Mr. Wedge refused to part with me at the station. He insisted upon helping me to get my parcels into the ramshackle one-horse 'bus connected with the White Hart, and we rode in company to the hotel.

If Mr. Wedge was acquainted with Ganningtree and the neighborhood, he seemed to be a perfect stranger at the hotel, save that he had telegraphed for a large double-bedded room to be reserved for him.

I had some difficulty in getting sleeping quarters, as the place was full; but at last I was shown into an attic, and, having washed up and locked up my "samples," I descended to the coffee room.

Writing at a table sat a man, who gave me a sharp, inquiring glance as I entered. I gave him a sign, he returned it, and I knew that he was a detective from N—. Mr. Wedge was in the bar at that moment, quaffing hot brandy and water, and inquiring whether there were any letters or telegrams, or whether anybody coming by the down train had inquired for him. He replied in the negative to all those questions.

This gave me time to exchange a few words with my brother detective, whose name was Rushmer, and to run my eyes down a page of the local directory.

"Before I have anything to eat or settle down," I said, "I'll make a few calls. Beg pardon," I added, turning to Rushmer, "may I take the liberty of asking if you are on the road?"

"Yes; I represent Leigh & Ashton, dealers in hardware and cutlery. I came from Bentley, and want to get away early in the morning, if I can; so I may as well trot out with you, and do a little business on my own account."

"I wish you would," said I, "because I am a perfect stranger to the place, and may get a little muddled and mixed in these tortuous streets."

By this time Mr. Wedge was in the room, minus his boots, and his feet encased in a warm pair of slippers. He sat crouching over the fire, reading something apparently of great interest. I glanced over his shoulder and saw that he was consulting a copy of "Ruff's Guide."

This, so far as he was concerned, was innocence in itself; but I began to have a strong longing to see what his clerk and son were like. Rushmer and I strolled out, and it was not until we were well out of sight of the hotel that we spoke.

"Well," said I, "what do you make of it?"

"Drawn blank," he replied. "The colonel's wife will never see her jewels again."

"No strangers were reported as having taken the London train," said I, "nor on the down line, so far as we can learn at headquarters."

"What of that?" Rushmer rejoined. "This confounded race meeting has brought all sorts of people into the town—vagrants, gypsies, purse-trick men, and goodness only knows what others. No; the colonel and his wife may say good-by to five thousand pounds' worth of vanity."

We returned to the hotel in about an hour and dined.

Mr. Wedge had kindly waited for us, and we found him excellent company. He was full of anecdotes, and seemed to have met many distinguished people in his time.

"Ah!" said he, "I could name a good many swells who owe me money at this moment, but it wouldn't do to mention names. No, no; those who don't pay introduce me to those who do, and so the ball is kept rolling."

At this moment the door opened, and in walked two smartly-attired young gentlemen.

"Why, Dick," cried Mr. Wedge, addressing the youngest, "how late you are! My son, gentlemen; my clerk, Jack Filbert, and—ha, ha—a rather tough nut to crack. He is the sharpest penciler I know of. The 'boys'—the organized gangs—can't come the high game over him. Can they, Jack?"

"Here's the key to our room," added Wedge, senior. "Let the waiter take up your traps, and you'd better sit down and warm yourself before you have a wash and brush up. Any news as you came along?"

"Not much," the son replied. "A fellow in the train said that if Black Diamond runs to-morrow he will win."

Mr. Filbert and the two Wedges passed the evening in the commercial room and retired early.

Rushmer and I were the last to leave. When all others had gone to their rooms we drew our chairs to the fire and began to chat. I confess that we never suspected the Wedges nor Mr. Filbert, and at midnight we parted, fully believing that the task we had in hand was almost a hopeless one.

We were up betimes in the morning and sat down to breakfast at eight o'clock. Wedge, the younger, and Jack Filbert presently appeared, and soon after Wedge, senior, came down.

There was a marked change in him. His eyes were dull, his cheeks drawn, and as he sank into a chair he pressed his hand to his brow.

"It's no use, Dick," he groaned. "I can't attend the course to-day. I've got one of my old bilious attacks coming on and shall go back to London. You and Jack must work the oracle for me; but mind what you are up to. The sharps are everywhere now, so take care that you are not fleeced."

There was a train in half an hour, and he elected to go by it.

And so did I, or, rather, I made up my mind to interview Mr. Wedge just before the train came in, and if all went as I began to suspect, to ask him to favor me with a little more of his company.

There were ten minutes to the good when I reached the station.

Mr. Wedge had taken shelter in the waiting-room and sat leaning his elbows on his portmanteau placed beside him.

"Hello!" he cried. "Who expected to see you?"

"I come on a little friendly errand," I replied. "You have taken your son's portmanteau instead of your own."

"Who says so?" he demanded, starting.

"I do," I responded. "Now, Mr. Wedge, I will be plain with you. I am a detective, but wish to act as a gentleman. I may have made a great mistake, of course, but I rather fancy that there is something more valuable in that portmanteau than clothes. I must ask you to let me see for myself."

"I—I demand to see your authority," he faltered.

"These will tell their own tale," said I, clicking a pair of handcuffs over his wrists. "Your son, as you call him, and Mr. Filbert are in safe keeping by this time. Hist!"

I hailed a constable who happened to be on the platform, and, with a key which I took from his waistcoat pocket, proceeded to open the portmanteau.

"You needn't take the trouble," my prisoner said, grinning feebly. "The swag is all there. I'm sorry for the boys, but they must do their bit, I suppose. You've worked this very cleverly, and are one of the few men who could have hoodwinked me."

In less than an hour, Wedge, who was the "fence," and the two burglars were under lock and key. The robbery had been artfully and cleverly planned and carried out. As soon as it was accomplished, the two burglars went by the road to N—and back to Ganningtree, where they had arranged to meet Wedge and change portmanteaus with him. This they thought would blind the railway officials and men on the watch. All this had been previously arranged, and very nearly succeeded.

The real names of the burglars do not matter now, but they were simply pupils of the rascal Wedge, who took a voyage to Botany Bay, from which he never returned.

Colonel Grendon expressed his delight in something more than thanks indeed; it was seldom that I had so good and profitable a thing in hand as the burglary at Glendyke's Grange.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH; OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 43. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS- EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

Latest Issues

"WORK AND WIN"

CONTAINING THE GREAT FRED FEARNOT STORIES.

COLORED COVERS

32 PAGES

PRICE 5 CENTS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 446 Fred Fearnot's Loyal Rooters; or, Following up the Game. | 450 Fred Fearnot's Best Ball; or, The Curve that Fooled the Batsmen. |
| 447 Fred Fearnot and the Boy Wonders; or, The Youngest Nine in the League. | 451 Fred Fearnot and the Tricky Umpire; or, The Worst Roast of All. |
| 448 Fred Fearnot's Double Header; or, Playing It Out to Win. | 452 Fred Fearnot's Boy Twirler; or, Trying Out a Youngster. |
| 449 Fred Fearnot and the "Rube" Pitcher; or, The Pride of the Wayback League. | 453 Fred Fearnot on the Coaching Line; or, Playing Inside Ball. |
| | 454 Fred Fearnot and Old "Well! Well!"; or, Having Fun With a Fan. |

"THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76"

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 338 The Liberty Boys and the Hessian Giant; or, The Battle of Lake Champlain. | 343 The Liberty Boys and Sergeant Jasper; or, The Engagement at Charleston Harbor. |
| 339 The Liberty Boys' Midnight Sortie; or, Within an Inch of Capture. | 344 The Liberty Boys With Mercer's Riflemen; or, Holding the Redcoats at Bay. |
| 340 The Liberty Boys on Long Island; or, Repulsing the Whaleboat Raiders. | 345 The Liberty Boys After Logan; or, The Raid of the Mingo Indians. |
| 341 The Liberty Boys' Secret Enemy; or, Exposing the Gunpowder Plot. | 346 The Liberty Boys on Special Duty; or, Out With Marion's Swamp Foxes. |
| 342 The Liberty Boys on the Firing Line; or, Chasing the Royal Greens. | |

"PLUCK AND LUCK"

CONTAINING STORIES OF ALL KINDS.

COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 472 The Board of Trade Boys; or, The Young Grain Speculators of Chicago. By A Retired Broker. | 477 Liberty Hose; or, The Pride of Plattsville. By Ex-Fire-Chief Warden. |
| 473 Haunted; or, The Curse of Gold. By H. K. Shackelford. | 478 Among the Sun Worshipers; or, Two New York Boys in Peru. By Richard R. Montgomery. |
| 474 A Sawdust Prince; or, The Boy Bareback Rider. By Berton Betrew. | 479 Engineer Steve, The Prince of the Rail. By Jas. C. Merritt. |
| 475 Fred Farrel, the Barkeeper's Son. (A True Temperance Story.) By Jno. B. Dowd. | 480 A Wall Street "Lamb"; or, The Boy Who Broke the Brokers. By H. K. Shackelford. |
| 476 The Marked Moccasin; or, Pandy Ellis' Pard. By An Old Scout. | |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, N. Y.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

-copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
- " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
- " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
- " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
- " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
- " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Price 5 cents. 32 Pages. Colored Covers. Issued Weekly

LATEST ISSUES:

- 386 The Bradys and Prince Hi-Ti-Li; or, The Trail of the Fakir of 'Frisco.
387 The Bradys and "Badman Bill"; or, Hunting the Hermit of Hangtown.
388 The Bradys and "Old Man Money"; or, Hustling for Wall Street Millions.
389 The Bradys and the Green Lady; or, The Mystery of the Mad-house.
390 The Bradys' Stock Yards Mystery; or, A Queer Case from Chicago.
391 The Bradys and the 'Frisco Fire Fiends; or, Working for Earth-quake Millions.
392 The Bradys' Race With Death; or, Dealings With Dr. Duval.
393 The Bradys and Dr. Sam-Suey-Soy; or, Hot Work on a Chinese Clew.
394 The Bradys and "Blackfoot Bill"; or, The Trail of the Tonopah Terror.
395 The Bradys and the "Lamb League"; or, After the Five Fakirs of Wall Street.
396 The Bradys' Black Hand Mystery; or, Running Down the Coal Mine Gang.
397 The Bradys and the "King of Clubs"; or, The Clew Found on the Corner.
398 The Bradys and the Chinese Banker; or, Fighting for Dupont Street Diamonds.
399 The Bradys and the Bond Forgers; or, A Dark Wall Street Mys-tery.
400 The Bradys' Mexican Trail; or, Chasing the "King of the Mesa."
401 The Bradys and the Demon Doctor; or, The House of Many Mys-teries.
402 The Bradys and "Joss House Jim"; or, Trailing a Chinese Opium Gang.
403 The Bradys and the Girl in Blue; or, After the Maiden Lane Diamonds.
404 The Bradys Among the "Hill Billies"; or, A Case From Old Kentucky.
405 The Bradys and the Gold Miners; or, Working a Wild West Trail.
406 The Bradys' Mysterious Shadow; or, The Secret of the Old Stone Vault.
407 The Bradys and "Mustang Joe"; or, The Rustlers of Rattlesnake Run.
408 The Bradys' Snapshot Clew; or, Traced by the Camera.
409 The Bradys and the Hip Sing Tong; or, Hot Work on a High-binder Case.
410 The Bradys and "Mr. Mormon"; or, Secret Work in Salt Lake City.
411 The Bradys and the Cellar of Death; or, Ferreting out the Bos-ton Crooks.
412 The Bradys' Lake Front Mystery; or, A Queer Case from Chi-cago.
413 The Bradys and the Dumb Millionaire; or, The Latest Wall Street Lamb.
414 The Bradys' Gold Field Game; or, Rounding up the Nevada Mine Brokers.
415 The Bradys and Dr. Hop Low; or, The Deepest Mott Street Mys-tery.
416 The Bradys and the Beaumont Oil King; or, Three "Bad" Men from Texas.
417 The Bradys and the Prince of Persia; or, After the Tuxedo Crooks.
418 The Bradys and Captain Darke; or, The Mystery of the China Liner.
419 The Bradys and the Canton Prince; or, Working for the Chinese Minister.
420 The Bradys and "Diamond Don"; or, The Gem Smugglers of the "Arctic."
421 The Bradys and Banker Banks; or, Caught on a Wall Street Clew.
422 The Bradys in Little 'Frisco; or, The Case of Ting Long Lee.
423 The Bradys and the Check Raisers; or, After a Wall Street Gang.
424 The Bradys and the Bad Land Bears; or, The Bone Hunters of South Dakota.
425 The Bradys and the Car Crooks; or, Working for the Frisco Line.
426 The Bradys and the "Queen of the West"; or, Trailing the Ari-zona Gem Thieves.
427 The Bradys and the Wall Street Money Fakirs; or, The Mys-terious Mr. Mix.
428 The Bradys and the Chink Smugglers; or, The Hurry Call to Canada.
429 The Bradys and Kid Joaquin; or, The Greasers of Robbers' Can-yon.
430 The Bradys and Gump High; or, The Mystery of the Ruined Joss House.
431 The Bradys and the River Pirates; or, After the Dock Rats' Gang.
432 The Bradys and the Silent Five; or, The Secrets of Shadyside Hall.
433 The Bradys and the Opium King; or, Braving the Perils of Peli Street.
434 The Bradys' Bleecker Street Mystery; or, The House With a Hundred Doors.
435 The Bradys Among the Frisco Gold Thieves; or, The Black Band of Old Dupont Street.
436 The Bradys and the Doctor's Death League; or, The Mystery of the Boy in Red.
437 The Bradys and the Man Trappers; or, Hot Times on Whirlwind Lake.
438 The Bradys and the House of Skulls; or, The Strange Man of Five Points.
439 The Bradys' Daring Deal; or, The Bargain With Dr. Death.
440 The Bradys and the Coffin Man; or, Held in the House of the Missing.
441 The Bradys and the Chinese Dwarf; or, The Queue Hunter of the Barbary Coast.
442 The Bradys Among the Handshakers; or, Trapping the Confidence Men.
443 The Bradys and the Death Trunk; or, The Chicago Secret Seven.
444 The Bradys and Mr. Magic; or, After the Thumbless League.
445 The Bradys' Double Trap; or, Working the Night Side of New York.
446 The Bradys and the Gun-Boat Boys; or, Unraveling a Navy Yard Mystery.
447 The Bradys and "Old Foxy"; or, The Slickest Crook in New York.
448 The Bradys and the Fan Tan Players; or, In the Secret Dens of China-town.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, N. Y.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.190
DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:
.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
..... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " WIDE AWAKE WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....
..... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....
Name.....Street and No... ..Town.....State.....